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Singing Around the World *By* Madame Melba

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Singing Around the World

By Madame Melba

MY REAL début was made in Melbourne, my native city, when I was six years old. I sang The Shells of the Ocean, and played my own accompaniment. The people went wild and made a great commotion over it. I did not know what to do until my father picked me up, put me on the piano stool, and told me to sing Comin' Thro' the Rye, that my grandmother had taught me in Scotch. It was a beautiful episode, and I shall never forget it. I was a little monkey, but I must have had that timbre in my voice that touches people now.

That was the last time but one that I was allowed to sing in public until after I was married. My father and my family were bitterly opposed to my appearing in public, and after I was married my husband's family displayed the same opposition. I had many fights over it, and I won my way only by fighting. The obstacles that were placed in my path will never be known. I gave one concert between the time I sang my little Scotch encore and the public appearance I made in Melbourne after my marriage. Only two people came to hear me. My father had worked so against me, asking our friends not to encourage me, that they all stayed away. But I sang the entire program through to those two people. And what a time I had paying the bills when it was all over, for I had been the sole manager as well as performer!

A Prophetic Interview with Marchesi

I was allowed to play the organ in church, and sometimes, when I am in Chicago, I climb up on the bench of the great organ, after a rehearsal at the Auditorium, and play the old hymns that I played in the Melbourne days when I longed to get out into the world and sing. It was not that I had any especial dreams of glory: I only wanted to sing. I knew the voice was in my throat and I wanted to give it out. It seemed to me like a bird imprisoned in a cage, for singing meant always to me my best happiness.

After I was married I began to sing in concert as an amateur. I was asked so often to sing, and my gowns proved so considerable an item, that I had to become a professional, and was glad to receive five or ten guineas a night.

On the occasion of my farewell concert there was a very poor house, indeed, and after my successes in Europe the people of Melbourne were so angry at themselves for their lack of recognition that now every little body that comes along and gives a farewell concert before going abroad to study has a crowded house.

In the years that followed I visited many lands, but I never again saw my own. I hope before many more months to return, with my own company, for a tour beginning at my home, Melbourne—from which I borrowed my name, for old friendship's sake, when I went on the stage.

On reaching Europe I went to see the celebrated teacher, Madame Marchesi, in Paris. That visit is one I shall never forget. When I finished singing she rushed from the room without a word. I sat down and thought to myself: "Well, what is going to happen now?" Madame Marchesi had rushed to her husband exclaiming: "I have found a star at last!"

But I did not get that comforting intelligence until later. Returning she said: "Mrs. Armstrong, are you serious?"

"Yes, Madame," I replied.

"Will you study with me one year?" she asked.

"Yes, Madame," I answered again.

"If you do," she said, "I will make something EXTRA-OR-DINARY out of you."

The word extraordinary she divided just as I give it. The solemn way in which she spoke it made the meaning stronger than if she had used many words.

How Gounod Played the Stage Manager

My début was made at Brussels, as Gilda, in Verdi's Rigoletto. I was not nervous in those days; I did not even know what nervousness meant. Later, the knowledge came, and each year it increases. After I am once in front of the footlights it is ended, for I throw myself completely into my impersonation, but before I go on the stage I pass some anxious moments.

That first night in Brussels it was simply a matter of fun to me. The joy of singing put everything else out of my mind. Of course I did not know how to "make up" for the stage, and I got not only the rouge, but my eyebrows crooked. When I caught sight of myself in the mirror I very nearly went into hysterics.

The Queen of Belgium was present and sent for me to come to the Royal box. She told me, that night, that I had the most beautiful voice she had ever heard. But that night I learned also what jealousy means. My husband and Mme. Marchesi were sitting together in a box. In the box next them a lady announced: "Melba! They say this is her début! I heard her hissed off the stage at Madrid ten years ago!"

My husband was furious and wanted to fight the man who was with her. As I look back upon the episode it was really very funny.

During my stay in Brussels I studied the title rôle in Lakmé with the composer, Delibes. He wrote in my album an account of his first visit to me at the Hotel de France, and charmingly described the scene of his arrival, and his feelings when he heard me sing the music he had written. It was my privilege to study the rôles of Marguerite and Juliet with the composer, Gounod. A dear old man he was, almost a recluse, surrounded by reminders of his faith and of the past. He was so wonderful, so full of life and animation, singing every rôle in the opera, and acting with fire and spirit. One moment he would be Faust, the next Mephisto, and again Romeo or the nurse. He not only showed how his music was to be sung, but the action that should accompany it. I acted Marguerite as he directed me to. "Marguerite," he used to say, "is a timid, retiring, bashful girl. Juliet made love to Romeo." I think of his words whenever it is said that I am cold in the Garden scene.

With Ambroise Thomas I studied Ophelia in his opera, Hamlet, in which I made my Paris début. He was quiet and severe, but he could not act as Gounod did.

They are all gone now—Gounod, Thomas, Delibes. There are left me, of them, only beautiful memories of their kindness and their dedications in my album with phrases recalling the rôles that I had the fortune to sing to them.

Only ten days before he died Gounod sent for me to come to see him. One thing or another came in the way. I put it off and put it off, and I did not get there until it was too late.

I shall never forgive myself for it. In Romeo and Juliet there is the phrase that says: "Let all dance. Those who do not dance have secret troubles." With the utterance of those words I can see Gounod now, dear old man. He would put his hand up mysteriously and say, "They have corns."

The Tragedy of the Lost False Tresses

The next London season I came out at Covent Garden as Lucia. That was in 1888. I had the honor of meeting the Prince and Princess of Wales (now King Edward VII and the Queen Consort), of singing at Marlborough House, and before Queen Victoria at Windsor.

The Princess of Wales (the present Queen Consort) is very charming in her manner, and it is a great pleasure to sing to her. She came into the room on that occasion with a kind greeting, and after I had sung, made tea, and the Princess Victoria handed the cake. As I went out the Princess of Wales gave me her photograph.

Something very funny happened to me one night on the stage at Covent Garden, during that first London season, and it proved more amusing to the Princess, perhaps, than it did to me. I was singing Juliet in Gounod's Romeo and Juliet. In the midst of a touching scene I felt something slip, and there was a feeling of unusual lightness about my head. I turned and was startled by the sight of part of my curls on the floor. They had not been pinned on tightly enough.

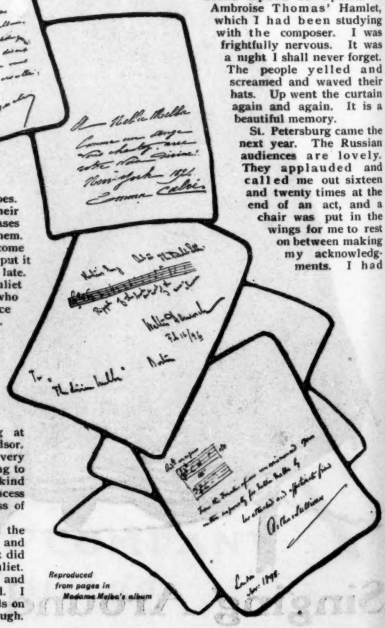
Reproduced from Madame Melba's album

There was no picking them up and there was no covering them up—and there they remained in startling evidence to the end of the act. But I sang the scene through to the best of my ability. Later, the Princess of Wales alluded laughingly to the disaster. I faintly described my feelings. "And they were such nice curls, too," the Princess added.

When I sang before Queen Victoria at Windsor, Mr. Jean and Mr. Edouard de Reszké sang upon the same occasion, Tosti, the noted song composer, for whom Her Majesty entertained a high regard, playing our accompaniments. The Queen was very musical, and a sympathetic auditor. She sat in a big chair, with the ladies of the court behind her. The Empress Frederick came in late, and we sang additional numbers for her. Afterward I was presented to the Queen, who had some gracious words for my voice and for my songs, and gave me a jeweled brooch.

My Paris début was made at the Grand Opera as Ophelia in Ambroise Thomas' Hamlet, which I had been studying with the composer. I was frightfully nervous. It was a night I shall never forget. The people yelled and screamed and waved their hats. Up went the curtain again and again. It is a beautiful memory.

St. Petersburg came the next year. The Russian audiences are lovely. They applauded and called me out sixteen and twenty times at the end of an act, and a chair was put in the wings for me to rest on between making my acknowledgments. I had



Reproduced from pages in Madame Melba's album

presents from the Czar and Czarina, the Grand Duke Alexis, and the Grand Duchess Paul (who is now dead), daughter of the King of Greece. The Grand Duke Alexis gave a dinner to me at which the guests were Dukes and Duchesses. The flowers and plate, all the service being of gold, were magnificent. After dinner I sang, and the Grand Duke Alexis himself showed us through the palace. He has been a great traveler, and his residence is most interesting. Each room is fitted up in characteristic style. There are a Japanese room, a Chinese room, and one representative of each of the great countries that he has visited, filled with the treasures that he has collected.

A most charming episode happened in St. Petersburg. Rubinstein, the great pianist and composer, wrote: "I am not well. I want to hear you sing. Will you not come to me?" I went to see him at the Conservatory, where he was teaching. His eyesight was slightly affected then, but he played my accompaniments in a wonderfully beautiful manner. He seemed especially delighted with Delibes' La Fille de Cadix. Before I left he played two numbers for me and wrote in my album.

From Monte Carlo, where the Prince and Princess were very kind to me, and where things are given very artistically in the tiny little theatre, I went to Milan.

The greatest night of my career was the one of my first appearance there at La Scala. For twenty minutes after the mad scene in Lucia they applauded. At six o'clock on the evening of the day of the performance I was in such a state that I said, "I will go home." I was determined to start. If it had not been for my secretary I should have gone. I was afraid for my life. I had received letters saying that I would be poisoned, that I would not live to appear, and that I had only one way of escape—to leave without attempting to sing. The cabal was instigated by a singer who had reasons for wishing me not to appear. The feeling aroused against me was so strong that when I came out on the stage every back was turned. Not the slightest attention was paid to me.

But after the first recitative I knew that it was all right. After the mad scene for twenty minutes it was fairly an enthusiastic mob, there was such tumult and cheering.

When I drove through the streets, even the little gamins grew to know me and called me "Eccola la Melba." My success ended in an unusual way. They took some of the singers, the chorus and the orchestra of La Scala and made a tour of Italy with me. We sang in many cities—Bologna, Florence, Genoa, Turin. I met the Count de Turin, the King's cousin, and was to have met Queen Margherita, but something happened to prevent.

Next I sang through France, and then came to America. Of that I need not tell you. I have frequently come since, six times crossing the vast continent from New York to San Francisco. The story of these visits is one which I wish to repeat in happy experience rather than in writing.

The Happiest Remembrance of Her Career

One incident I must dwell upon, because it was the most beautiful that has happened in my career. A bit of poetry was written about it. I was singing one snowy evening at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia. When I started to cross the pavement to my carriage, after the performance, my arms were full of roses that had been sent to me during the opera. A white-haired woman stepped forward and said: "God bless your beautiful heart. I have been waiting in the snow for you to come out. Your voice is the most beautiful thing in the world. Will you give me a rose to keep in memory of it?"

There she stood, white-haired, in the driving snow, poorly clad in black, and with lines of grief and age seamed on her face, waiting to tell me that I had made her happy. I gave her every flower I had. I kissed her on both cheeks and we cried there together.

In that same Academy of Music I one night narrowly escaped an accident that might have ended my life. That was during my first season in America. I was singing the Gilda in Rigoletto. It was at the point where Gilda passes up the high stairway, along a balcony, and enters a door, singing as she goes, and leaving the scene with a long trill. As I passed into the dark through the door, which was high above the stage, I started forward as I was always accustomed to do. One step more and I should have fallen from the height to the stage below. Only a narrow platform without a railing had been put there, I caught myself and fell backward against the scene. That trill was not finished.

After singing through Norway and Sweden I received a message at Stockholm from the King, who wished to know whether I would remain until his return and sing to him. Mr. Grau agreed to let me arrive in America a week later than had been arranged, and I remained.

For the King I sang the balcony scene from Romeo and Juliet, the second act from Lohengrin, the mad scene from Lucia, and the last act from Faust. Twice the King, a dear old man, stood up in his box and bowed to me.

He sent his aide-de-camp to ask me to come to the palace at eleven o'clock the next morning. I went, and the King received me alone, and, with a pretty little speech, gave me a decoration. Then I said: "Sire, there is one thing I wish to ask of you."

"What is it?" he said.

"I wish you to pin this decoration on my breast."

"That I will," he answered. And then we found that neither of us had any pins.

"I'll get some," he said, and went briskly in search of them.

I treasure those pins in my jewel case yet.

Madame Melba with Lotte Gadski-Tauscher

Fernleigh, Madame Melba's summer home

Madame Melba in a punt on the Thames, at Fernleigh

Fernleigh, from the Thames

Madame Melba driving behind her favorite carriage horse

When he had fastened the decoration on he said: "But those pins must not kill our friendship. I will kiss you on both cheeks and then we shall always be friends."

On the day I left Stockholm traffic was stopped in the streets. My carriage was piled with flowers, among them being bouquets from the Crown Prince. At the station a chorus of five thousand serenaded me. I wept, it was so beautiful.

I went to Lucca, in Italy, to study with Puccini, the composer, the rôle of Mimi in his La Bohème. The whole village, a tiny little place, turned out to meet me and made a holiday of my arrival. I had the entire first floor of the hotel at my disposal, and it cost only three hundred francs (sixty dollars), which in Lucca seemed to them a terrible amount, indeed.

Puccini came for two hours daily during the ten days of my stay and I have never regretted the hard work I did then. He explained his ideas of the music thoroughly, and we rehearsed it bit by bit. My score is full of his pencil markings and annotations. It is such beautiful music. I feel the rôle of Mimi, it is so pathetic, it is so lovable. Some say it is my best rôle. It appeals so strongly to one's feelings.

Last year my tournée was really a triumphal one. It began in Holland. The Queen was not there at the time, but she takes little interest in musical things.

In Berlin I sang before his Majesty the German Emperor and the Empress, and had the honor of being received by them both. The Emperor is very, very musical. The night on which I sang for the first time at the Berlin Royal Opera the Emperor told me that he had never seen so much enthusiasm there. He had sent for me to come to his box. I went in my white Lucia dress, with my hair disheveled, from the mad scene.

"I hope you will come often to sing at my opera," he said at parting.

I was only to have sung four times, and during my first visit there I sang eight or nine.

At Vienna I sang before the Emperor of Austria. It is a rule at the Court Opera there not to allow mixed languages. Only German is sung, but this rule was broken in my favor. The Emperor decorated me and gave me the title of Imperial Royal Chamber Singer. He is a wonderful man, and has very charming manners.

Asked to Sit with the King of Saxony

When I sang in Leipsic, at the Gewandhaus, the King of Saxony came over from Dresden to hear me. When the concert was half over he sent for me and told me that his friend the Emperor of Austria had written to him about me. When I had finished singing he asked me to come and sit beside him during the rest of the concert.

From Leipsic I went back again to Berlin, where they love me, and sang at the Court. Then came Monte Carlo, where I unfortunately fell ill and was able to sing at only four performances.

The London season claimed me next, but it was a sad one on account of the war. And now here I am again! This time I have renewed my acquaintance with the vast plains, the sandy deserts, the flowers and palms of California, the blinding snows of Minnesota, and the Bay of New York.

My next journeyings take me to England, and in October I go to sing, after these years of absence, in my own land, Australia. From there it will be to the other end of the world that I must go, to Russia, singing my songs with joy in my heart because people seem always glad to listen to them.

Quiet Home Life on the Thames

During the summer months at my country place, Fernleigh, on the Thames, I am like a schoolgirl out of school. I roll on the grass and lie all day in a hammock or in a punt. I try to forget that I am a singer. I open the house about June and remain until the end of August.

When I sing I have a special train to London, returning in the same way after the performance. If I am through at the opera at eleven o'clock, I am at home by a quarter past twelve, and I awake the next morning in the beautiful freshness of the woods.

Fishing is a delight to me, and thoughts of my complexion never interfere with it. Last summer Lady Wilton and I sat all day long in a punt in the broiling sun, and had, as reward, lovely perch for dinner.

There are always guests in the house, never less than eight sitting down to dinner, but there is no music. That is not allowed during holidays. At night we go out in punts on the river, and the gleam of evening gowns and diamonds helps to make a pretty picture.

Editor's Note—This is the first of four articles, by world-famous singers, that are to appear in consecutive numbers of The Saturday Evening Post. Madame Nordica will write of her early struggles, and how she was coached by Madame Wagner in Wagnerian rôles. Mr. Edouard De Reszké and Mr. Jean De Reszké, in articles to follow, will tell of the various phases of operatic life.

The Giants of the Old Senate

Told to Rufus Rockwell Wilson

THE great triumvirate of Clay, Calhoun and Webster had been lately broken by the death of Calhoun when I first entered Congress in 1851. Clay and Webster died during the following year. Thomas H. Benton, their long-time colleague, however, survived them a number of years. Defeated while seeking a reëlection to the Senate, after thirty years of service, the St. Louis district, in 1852, sent him to the Lower House, where he sat for a single term, its most distinguished and honored member. He was a great friend of young men, and my acquaintance with him was as intimate as that of any public man I have ever known. After he retired from Congress, and while engaged on his Thirty Years in the Senate, he sent for me one day and asked that, as I had to pass his house on my way from my lodgings to the Capitol, I should drop in daily and tell him what was going on among the law-makers. I did so for a long time, and in this way enjoyed many informal chats with him.

Benton's Fights Followed by Funerals

Benton was a Roman gladiator in body and in temper. A fellow-Senator once referred in debate to what he called "a quarrel" of Benton's. "Mr. President," was the quick and stern reply, "the Senator is mistaken. I never quarrel, but I sometimes fight, and whenever I fight a funeral follows, sir." There was no small measure of truth in this grim statement. Benton was a born fighter, and he had the figure and face of one. He was a trifle under six feet in height, broad-shouldered, deep-chested and large of limb, and his massive head ran up to a peak like the island of Teneriffe, while his features reminded one both of the eagle and the lion. He was most dangerous when in anger, for he never lost his self-possession and always used his wrath as a power wherewith to propel his mental machinery. The word "sir" was a formidable missile on his tongue, and his incisive sentences and biting wit always made their victims wary of a second encounter. Firm and unyielding in the defense of his own convictions, what Benton despised most of all in other public men was moral cowardice, and for it he reserved his ripest invective. During one of the many talks I had with him while the repeal of the Missouri Compromise was under discussion reference was made to Douglas' attitude toward slavery. "I am told," said Benton, "that Douglas is leading the Democracy off. No, sir; the Democracy is leading Douglas off, sir. He would go to h—l, sir, if the majority were going there."

Though a stout hater, Benton could forgive on occasion, and in splendid fashion. A short time after Calhoun's death he was asked if he would pursue his long-time political foe beyond the grave. "No, sir," was the answer; "when God Almighty lays his hand upon a man, sir, Thomas H. Benton takes his off, sir."

General Sam Houston, of Texas, was the most picturesque figure in the Senate during my first years of service at the Capitol. Like Benton, he was very fond of young men, and soon came to count me as "one of his boys." Only those who were youngsters in the forties can realize the interest people felt in Houston in the days when his part in the struggle for the independence of Texas was still fresh in the public mind. Visitors to the Senate chamber invariably asked to have him pointed out to them, and they were never disappointed in their hero, for he was large of frame, of stately carriage and dignified demeanor, and had a lionlike countenance. Always unconventional in dress, he would now and then appear at the Capitol wearing a vast and showy sombrero and a Mexican blanket—a sort of ornamental bed-quilt with a slit in the middle through which the wearer's head was thrust, leaving the blanket to hang in folds around the body. His principal employment in the Senate was whittling pine sticks, of which he seemed to have an unlimited supply. It was only at rare intervals that he broke silence, but when he did speak he always proved himself capable of contributing his quota of sound and patriotic advice to the deliberations of the Senate.

No passage in Houston's career was nobler than the heroic stand against dis-union which marked its close, while of his kindliness of nature and generous helpfulness to those in distress one could recall stories sufficient to fill a volume. Near Quincy, Illinois, there was a stretch of country known as the "Indian tract," to which Houston held title—a fact many of the settlers thereon, a careless pioneer brood, failed to search out. One of them called upon William A. Richardson, long member of the House from the Quincy district, and subsequently a Senator from his State, and asked if he knew Houston. Richardson said he did, whereupon his visitor confided to him that he had inadvertently settled upon 160 acres of Houston's land, and that all that he was worth stood in improvements on it. He wanted Richardson to see Houston and make the best terms that he could. Richardson, upon his return to Washington, told Houston the story, and asked what he would take for a quit-claim deed to the 160 acres.

"What sort of a man is this constituent of yours who has blundered upon my land?" asked Houston.

"A good, square, honest man," was the reply.

"When I turn him off my land I reckon he and his family will be beggars?"

Richardson nodded.

"What's this farm worth, now?" asked Houston.

"Improvements and all, about $6000," was the response.

"What was the bare place worth when you fellows went on it?" queried Houston.

"About $5 an acre; $800 in all," answered Richardson.

"Good fellow, this man of yours, Richardson?"—this after a moment's thought.

"Best in the world," said Richardson.

"Tell him to send me $800, and I'll make him a deed."

In due time the $800 reached Washington in the shape of a New York draft. Richardson sought Houston, who, having executed a deed, took the draft and indorsed it.

"You say this man of yours is a good fellow?" he asked thoughtfully.

"Couldn't be a better one," was the emphatic answer.

"Send him back this draft and tell him Sam Houston has changed his mind. What can you buy a good saddle-horse for out in that country?" He was told that $200 would do it. "Well, then," said Houston, "write to your friend and tell him to buy a first-class saddle-horse about four years old, and keep him for me. When Congress adjourns I will go home with you and ride the horse down to Texas."

Without delay the man in Illinois received back his draft, and bought a saddle-horse, the best he could find. Just before adjournment Houston sought Richardson. "You say the fellow who's got my horse is a tip-top good man?" Richardson again declared him one of the best in his district. "Well," said Houston with a sigh, "I should have liked first-rate to see him, and also my horse, but as affairs turn out I must go straight to Texas. When you get home, go over and see this man, and tell him to sell the horse and do what he pleases with the money. And, by the way, Richardson, I wish you would write and tell me if it was a good horse or not."

How Hale Placated Hangman Foote

John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, had been four years in the Senate when I took my seat in the House. Habitual indolence prevented him from ever rising to the position for which he was otherwise fully equipped, but in the ability to demolish a long and labored argument with a timely anecdote or jest he has never had his superior in Congress. Senator Slidell on one occasion introduced a bill appropriating some millions of dollars for the purchase of Cuba; his object, as it was well understood, being to strengthen the slave power. General Cass supported this bill in an elaborate speech, in which he declared that it was dangerous to our Government to have a dependency of a foreign power so near our shores as Cuba. Hale followed Cass.

"Consistency," said he, "has always been a crowning jewel in the diadem of the Senator from Michigan. He favors the annexation of Cuba because its proximity is a constant menace to our welfare, when every night of his life when he is at home"—General Cass lived in Detroit—"from the window of the room in which he sleeps you can throw a stone into the possessions of Her Britannic Majesty." Thus in two minutes he destroyed the effect of General Cass' three hours' harangue.

Hale was the first avowed anti-slavery man to find a seat in the Senate, where for several years he stood quite alone, a fact which made him the frequent target for abuse and revilement. He had, however, perfect command of his temper, and was past-master of the art of making a soft answer turn away wrath, so that those who most violently assailed him in debate were often in private life his devoted friends. Henry S. Foote, a loquacious, quick-tempered Irishman who then represented Mississippi in the Senate, once permitted himself to declare in debate that if Hale should ever come to Mississippi they would hang him there on the tallest tree that could be found, and that he (Foote) would cheerfully assist his executioner. It was a most unfortunate speech for Foote (who was on the most intimate terms with Hale), and he himself confessed it. His mail, in less than forty-eight hours, was burdened with letters filled with caustic revilement, and within a week he was known all over the North as Hangman Foote.

One morning, a month later, a young woman from New Hampshire called upon Hale and asked him to intercede for her brother, who had been arrested for some offense. Hale told her that he could do nothing, but that he had a friend who might, and he took her to Foote. When the girl had told her story, Foote said he thought he would be able to help her, and that he would see the Secretary of the Treasury next day. He did so, and came away with a pardon for the young woman's brother. She went with Hale to Foote's committee-room and he told her of his success. Then Hale, turning to her, said: "My dear young lady, when you go back to New Hampshire and tell the people there that your brother is out of his trouble, just say to them, will you, that he was released through the intercession of no other person than the Senator who in New Hampshire is called Hangman Foote, and who promised to hang me if I went to Mississippi? What he has done for your brother shows what kind of a hangman he is." Here Hale put his arm around Foote's shoulder, and the Mississippi Senator was affected to tears.

Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts, and Ben Wade, of Ohio, entered the Senate on the same day that I entered the House. Sumner was then forty years of age and an imposing example of mental, physical and moral manhood. A ripe scholar and an orator of signal force and eloquence, it was as an avowed enemy of slavery that Sumner took his seat in the Senate, and from the first the defenders of that institution found in him an antagonist whom they could not silence or confuse. He beat them not only in argument, but in sarcasm, invective and prompt retort. Dull blades were of no avail before his keen one. He said neatly what most of his opponents could only say coarsely, and they emerged from each fresh encounter vanquished and discomfited.

"The whole arsenal of God is ours," he once wrote a friend, "and I will not renounce one of the weapons—not one." On many occasions—indeed, on all prominent occasions of his career as an orator—he was called upon to exhibit courage of the rarest order, and never did the bravery of his will and heart fail to answer to that which was in his brain.

The Fierce Sarcasm of Ben Wade

The same can be said with equal truth of Wade, a heroic representative of the Western Reserve who came to the Senate by way of the bench. Clear of vision, hard-headed and honest, with a plain and vigorous way of putting things, Wade was also as fearless as he was outspoken, and the defenders of slavery soon grew to respect his resolute bravery, and to fear the gift for sweeping and sarcastic retort which often embodied a speech in a single sentence. Never had the differences between the apologists and the assailants of slavery more incisive exponent than in his famous rejoinder to Senator Badger during the debate on the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. The North Carolinian had rehearsed the ancient argument for the dilution of slavery, and in a feeling manner asked: "Why, if some Southern gentleman wishes to take the nurse who has charge of his little baby, or the old woman who nursed him in his childhood, and whom he called 'Mammy' until he returned from college, and perhaps afterward, too—if he wishes to take her with him in his old age when he is moving into one of these new Territories for the betterment of the fortunes of the whole family—why, in the name of Heaven, should anybody prevent it?"

To this question Wade made quick answer. "The Senator," he said, "entirely mistakes our position. We have not the least objection and would oppose no obstacle to the Senator's migrating to Kansas and taking his old 'Mammy' with him. We only insist that he shall not be empowered to sell her after taking her there."

Wade's humor was always of the sardonic sort. Chief Justice Taney, author of the Dred Scott decision, was in feeble health in the closing days of 1860, and it was feared in Washington by the anti-slavery men that he might die and give Buchanan the appointment of his successor. He survived, however, until near the close of Lincoln's first term, when Salmon P. Chase was appointed to succeed him. One day in 1863 Wade and a fellow-Senator, walking near the Capitol, met and passed Taney, erect of figure and with the springy step of a man of half his years. "Just

Personal Recollections of Hon. Galusha A. Grow

look at that old sinner, and how firm he walks," said Wade to his companion. "Three years ago I was praying night and day that he might live over into Lincoln's term. It strikes me I must have prayed too infernally hard."

One of Wade's boon companions was James W. Nesmith, a senatorial rough diamond from Oregon, who, during his period of service in Congress, was one of the best-known figures in public life. Nesmith's humor was fetching, his wit of the dryest sort, and he possessed, like Lincoln, a fund of anecdotes, which he had probably concocted in his own brain, as nobody had heard one of them until he told it. While standing one day in a group of Senators and Representatives who had been questioning him about his adventurous life (he had been taken from Maine to Oregon when a child in arms, and had lived much in the wilderness), Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, said to him:

The Greatest Wonder in Washington

"I understand, Mr. Nesmith, that you had never seen a railroad until you came East, and that everything of that sort in the way of modern improvements was entirely new to you. Now, I am curious to know what struck you as being the most wonderful thing that met your observation on this side of the continent?"

"Well," said Nesmith, putting on a quizzical expression, "I think that after the sensation of surprise at being here myself, what excited most wonder was how the rest of you got here."

Nesmith was of the type of primitive border men who have now passed away, and he had the courage to write in the biographical notice which he contributed to the Congressional Directory, "I received no education." His language, however, was never uncouth or his choice of words grotesque, and he proved a diligent and capable Senator. On the last day of his single term in the Senate, without bidding farewell to any one, he walked from the Senate chamber to the railroad station, carrying in his hand a plain carpet-bag that contained all his personal belongings. Six years later he reappeared in Washington as a member of the House. He served his term and then went back to his farm in Oregon, never to return to the capital.

Chase and Seward were both in the Senate during my first years in the House. Chase, in early life, had been a Democrat, and was the most distinguished accession the free-soil cause had enlisted up to that time. A man of kingly presence, rare moral courage, and superb mental endowment, he never spoke without careful preparation, and in debate few could stand against him. Seward was already a man of note when he entered the Senate, and in the field of national politics he at once made his influence felt. No man forestalled him in accurate perception of the drift and goal of political movements, or in announcing what he saw, and, though he lacked the voice and presence essential to impressive oratory, his utterances on the great issue of the time soon came to be listened to with breathless interest.

Fessenden's Scorn of Cowardice

However, the best give-and-take debaters on the anti-slavery side of the Senate, during the years which immediately followed the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, were Lyman Trumbull, of Illinois, and William Pitt Fessenden, of Maine. Especially was this true of Fessenden, a man of marked and engaging personality, whose manner and delivery as a speaker were almost unique in the Senate, where set speeches read from manuscript always have been and still are so common. He rarely used so much as a note of what he was going to say, stood with easy grace in the aisle next to his seat, and talked in a quiet, almost conversational tone, but with clear, distinct utterance, and a precision of statement which marked his intellectual acuteness. He spoke often, but always with brevity, and nobody could match him in instant and incisive reply.

Fessenden scorned the weakling and despised the demagogue, and used on both a sarcasm that cut like a rapier. Austerely honest himself, he had no patience with those who swerved ever so slightly from the straight path of truth. A politician from Nevada sought Fessenden's aid in putting through the Senate a bill to establish a branch mint in Carson. Among other arguments to remove the Senator's objection that the Territory was too young and too small to amount to anything, the Nevada man said that all that it needed to make it a good State was a little more water and a little better society. "That's all that h—l needs," was the discouraging reply.

Other strong men on the Republican side of the Senate in ante-bellum days were Jacob Collamer, Henry Wilson and Hannibal Hamlin. Collamer was an ideal Senator, venerable, dignified, logical and wise. Wilson sat for eighteen years in the Senate, where from the first he was recognized as a man of courage and of parts. Hamlin was rarely heard in the Senate, but when he did speak it was always with uncommon force and skill. In all legislative matters he ranked among the first, and as a political adviser and strategist he has had few superiors.

Hamlin, in private life, was of a striking and delightful personality. A little under six feet in height, he was stocky in his build, and so swarthy was his complexion that he was often called "Black Hannibal." For half a century he never changed the style or quality of his clothes. His invariable garb included a black swallow-tailed coat and a tall silk hat of antique design, and he clung to the old-fashioned stock long after it had been discarded by the rest of mankind. Only on the coldest days in winter did he wear an overcoat. Born a Democrat, he remained through life democratic in every fibre and impulse. This, with his abiding honesty and sincerity, made him strong in the people's regard, and he never abused their trust. When he finally retired to private life it was with an income just sufficient to support himself and family in a plain way during the remainder of his days.

Our Modernized Army

By

Hon. J. A. T. Hull

Chairman of the House Committee on Military Affairs

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THE fight in Congress, lasting four years, has resulted in the passage of a law reorganizing the regular army, and putting the United States in line with the rest of the world in the matter of the organization of the military arm of the Government.

Though the active contest for reorganization has lasted only four years, the best military authorities of this country have urged the adoption of a modern organization almost every year since Grant was President and Sherman was in command of the army. The marvelous improvement of firearms made the organization prescribed by law at the commencement of hostilities with Spain utterly worthless. The law required a regiment to consist of ten companies, with only three field officers, and a close order formation. No army so organized could have won victories. Congress was compelled to organize an army after war was declared. Fortunately we had the nucleus in a small force of regulars and a much larger body of well-drilled National Guards. The officers of the regular army were finely educated and had gotten out tactics and drilled the troops to meet modern conditions, so that, with the change in the law, our little army became at once effective.

In 1899, Congress directed the three-battalion organization for infantry. That is, it made a regiment consist of twelve companies, divided into three battalions of four companies each, and gave each regiment three majors. But a proviso of the act made the organization temporary, by requiring the army, on the first day of July, 1901, to be reduced to about 27,000 men. The law at the breaking out of hostilities with Spain made the maximum of the army 25,000. Two regiments of artillery were added to the permanent force. And if no law had passed this Congress the army would be reduced, on the first day of July next, to what it was in April, 1898, in officers and men, except for the increase in artillery.

The necessity for legislation by this Congress was imperative. We have more than sixty thousand soldiers in the Philippines alone. Thirty-five thousand of these soldiers must, under the terms of their enlistment, be mustered out before the first of July next. We have over four hundred posts in the Philippines held by soldiers, and to remove the troops before others take their places would be fraught with grave consequences and would entail great loss of life. The natives would construe such a move as evidence of weakness, and would be encouraged to continue in rebellion.

Providing for an Army of 100,000 Men

The House of Representatives promptly passed a bill through the House the first week of this session, making an effective organization of about 100,000 enlisted men of all arms of the service. The measure, as it passed the House, provided for a corps of artillery, fifteen regiments of cavalry, and thirty regiments of infantry. This was an increase of five regiments of cavalry, five regiments of infantry, and a sufficient increase of artillery to equal six regiments. The regimental organization of artillery was regarded by the House as obsolete. One of the oldest regiments of this arm of the service has been together, as a regiment, only twice since 1820, and then only for the purpose of transportation, and it was immediately broken up into batteries on reaching its destination. The battery is the unit, and the clumsiness of the old organization can be illustrated by a case in point. The colonel of one of the artillery regiments is stationed in Cuba; the batteries of the regiment are scattered along the Atlantic Coast; the commander of each battery reports to the colonel in Cuba, and the colonel approves the reports and returns them to the Department in Washington.

Under the corps system, all reports are made direct to the War Office. The larger part of our artillery force is for seacoast defense. The guns are fixed and never intended to be moved. The number of guns for proper defense, and troops required to man them, varies with the requirements of each locality. The corps organization is flexible, and adjusts itself to each particular place. A chief of artillery was provided. He serves on the staff of the General commanding the army, and he can keep an oversight of all batteries and bring this arm of the service to the highest point of efficiency. In the act, as it passed the House, the detail system was applied to the quartermaster, the subsistence and pay departments and the signal corps, in the lower grades, and the older system was continued in the higher grades. In the House act, the ordnance, engineers, medical and judge advocate's corps were excluded from the detail system.

For fear that all will not understand what is meant by the detail system, let me explain. We have what is known as line officers and staff officers. Line officers are those serving with regiments, from colonels down to and including second lieutenants. From the line officers are chosen the general officers of the army and also those serving on the staff. Heretofore, line officers securing staff appointments were fixed in the staff and received all their promotion in the staff corps or department to which they belonged. The highest permanent rank in the staff was that of brigadier-general, and promotion was much more rapid in the staff than in the line. A line officer getting in the staff was fixed; and it was claimed by many who had given the matter much thought, that such a condition made a tendency on the part of the staff to lose interest in the line. If an inferior officer secured a staff position there was no way to get rid of him. The detail system means that an officer of the line is assigned to a position on the staff for a fixed period only: under this act it is four years. At the end of this period he goes back to his regiment, and must serve in the line with the troops for a fixed period before he can again serve with the staff. If he is not an efficient staff officer he will never again be detailed to the staff. In the Senate the act was amended by retaining regimental organization for the artillery, and extending the detail system for the staff to all grades.

Independent of applying the system of detail to the ordnance, there was *not* a radical difference between the Senate and House, for, as the Senate amended the act, officers in the higher grades were not compelled to return to the line each four years, but could receive another and another detail without line service intervening. If an officer shall prove of great value in the staff, the President will undoubtedly avail himself of this power.

What the New Army is. Why We Need It

In conference, the two Houses soon reached an agreement, the Senate conferees yielding on the artillery, and the House conferees granting the full detailed staff system as fixed by the Senate. A great many people imagine there was a contest on the line of staff organization. There was no contest on this line. No party proposed a change of staff organization. It was simply on how to select staff officers in the various corps and departments then existing. The powers and duties of the staff were left unchanged, both by the House and the Senate. There was no suggestion in either House for a general staff, as fixed for the German Army, from which our general officers would come. In our army, under the organization just adopted, all promotions, after the permanent staff appointments shall have been settled, will come in the line of the army, and no officer will be long separated from the command of troops until he reaches the grade of lieutenant-colonel.

The two Houses ratified the conference agreement, and we now have a law which gives us one lieutenant-general, six major-generals, fifteen brigadier-generals; a corps of artillery numbering 18,920 enlisted men; fifteen regiments of cavalry and thirty regiments of infantry; with an organization in each arm approved by the best modern military science. In addition to this we have an adjutant and inspector general's departments, where no permanent appointments shall be made, and where vacancies, in the future, shall be filled only by assigning an officer from the line. A corps of engineers is now provided by law. There will be a medical corps, a judge advocate's corps, and quartermaster and subsistence departments, and a pay corps. There will be a signal corps, with the detail system in full force after original vacancies are filled, an ordnance department in which no more permanent appointments will be made, and a record and pension bureau. In addition to what we have had heretofore, we have in this act established a corps of women nurses.

The army, at a maximum in all arms of the service, will be 100,000 men, and at the minimum 58,000; but there is no minimum of artillery. The full force is needed to man our coast defense batteries and supply our field artillery, so that cavalry and infantry, on a peace footing, will not number forty thousand men. Not even an alarmist can call this a great standing army. Every lover of his country can rejoice that this act creates a small, perfectly organized force, which can, in time of need, be immediately expanded, and under competent and experienced officers can form the first fighting line and hold any enemy in check until the volunteers can be mustered into the service, and the regular and volunteer will carry the flag to victory in all the wars of the future, as the regular and volunteer forces have carried it to victory in all the wars of the past.

XUM

Masters of Men *By* Morgan Robertson

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DRAWN BY GEORGE RIBS

"Dick"

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS—Richard Halpin was in great trouble. In one short day he had made a lasting enemy of his schoolmate, Pig Jones, for interfering in a quarrel wherein Pig undoubtedly had the rights of it; he had been dismissed from school for insubordination and dishonesty, and he had taken a boyish fancy for Mabel Arthur, the prettiest girl in town.

In fact, it was through Mabel that all the trouble had come. It was for Mabel that he had taken her brother George's part in the quarrel with Pig Jones, and then when George had accused him before the school of taking the money from the Principal's desk, which in reality he, Dick, had caught George stealing and taken from him, it was for shame of Mabel's bright eyes that he had fallen into such an ungovernable rage and disgraced himself before them all. He could see ahead nothing but dishonor among his fellows, and at home the severest punishment from his uncle-guardian.

FIFTH CHAPTER

AFTER school that noon five boys, with gloom in their souls, mustered under a tree on the ball-ground. Not one cared to go home to a dinner which might be seasoned with parental rebuke; so they lounged on the grass, kicking their heels, nibbling grass-bulbs and occasionally commenting on the hopeless outlook.

As they lay there Dick Halpin came climbing over the fence at the other side of the field. Swinging his books by the strap, he slowly approached the group under the tree. His lip was swollen and there was trouble in his face; but he was calm and serious as he ran his eye over the party.

"I don't know what's up, boys," he began; "you didn't tell me anything, but if I'd even guessed that anything had happened I wouldn't have told. What is it?"

"We killed a colt," answered Will, as he rolled over to face him. "We didn't mean to—he got away from us. But it wouldn't have been found out if you hadn't had so much to say."

"And I wouldn't have had a word to say if you'd put me on to it. But you didn't, and I didn't know. I was trying to clear myself. I wouldn't give any one away."

"Yes, you would," sneered Pig Jones. "Even if you were one o' the gang you'd ha' told on the rest. You proved that to-day—lyin' 'bout the money you stole."

"I tell you I wouldn't," answered Dick angrily; "and the man who says I stole that money is a liar."

This was too defiant altogether from a boy of Dick's size.

"I say you stole it," returned Pig.

"Then you're a liar."

"I say you stole," said Tom Brandes—larger than Pig; Ned Brown repeated it, and Dick, whose face had tightened, answered, "You are a pack of liars, and I can back it up." He dropped his books and flung off his coat; then Will Simpson, who had not yet joined the allied powers, arose in his dignity.

"What!" said he. "Am I a liar?"

"If you say I stole that money you're a liar."

"I say you stole it."

"Then you're a liar."

There was a flourish and tangle of fists, and Dick went down. When he arose his right eye was closing.

"Want any more?" asked his big antagonist. Dick's reply was a tigerlike pounce. Then they clinched; but it was disastrous for Dick. He was punched, choked, squeezed, and at last lifted bodily and launched headlong, falling heavily. He was no match for the other, who was unscathed in the shuffle, and before he arose he was kicked by Pig, who yelled: "Give it to him, fellers—give it to the thief—give it to the tattle-tale." Pig's foot was caught at the second kick by the prostrate boy, and he was thrown; but before Dick could do more than rise to his feet, Tom Allen asked his opinion of his veracity, and the answer brought another knock-down from Tom. Then, to hurry through a painful duty, they all surrounded him, kicking and pounding.

"That'll do now, that'll do," said Will; "we've killed a colt, and that's enough."

They walked away. Dick arose to a sitting posture and looked after them; but there was no green flame in his half-closed eyes; neither had he seen red during the struggle. These might come later. He had thought, at the last, that he was fighting for his life, and he had even entered the fracas with doubt that was only dominated by his indignation and will. He was now thoroughly frightened, and only in the complete absence of all fear will come the destructive rage which turns all things red.

When they were out of sight, Dick picked up his books and painfully—for every bone and joint seemed stricken—made his way to the river-bank behind the schoolhouse. There he staunched the blood from his nose and bathed his head, which ached and throbbed, partly from his fury of the morning, partly from the hard knocks it had received. Then he found a shady spot on the bank, and watching the brown stream and farm-land beyond, tried to reduce his chaotic thoughts to order.

SIXTH CHAPTER

"I SEE my finish," he mused. "I'm a thief in this town, and I'm kicked out of school—can't even get the last exam.; hammered, too, till I can't see, just for nothing. What ails them all? I did them no harm. They'd have been found out in time. What'll the old man do? Won't believe me any more than Clark did. The little sneak. Who'd think he had the nerve. Oh, I'll fix him for this. But that won't help—I can't clear myself that way. I'm a thief—a proven thief—and nothing'll disprove it but his confession. And he won't confess—not much. I could choke it out of him, but it wouldn't go. He'd say it was compulsion. Wonder if it would do any good to tell her straight—just how it was. She might get it out of him; but she won't, and if she believed me it would only make her feel bad—and she wouldn't believe me, anyhow. Might as well go home—no, I can't—and won't."

He waited until the second bell had rung—for he did not care to meet the scholars—feeling, as the clang of the last stroke dwindled to silence, the curious, nervous sense of liberty and loneliness which comes to emancipated schoolboys. Then, when sure that all were within the building, he picked up his books and crossed the lots to the street. Beyond the school he met Mr. Bronson, the farmer whose colt had been killed, driving out in his buckboard. The farmer scrutinized his face, stopped his horse and beckoned. Dick approached.

"You the boy that got expelled this mornin'?"

"Yes, sir."

"What ails your face?"

"Got done up by the boys."

"What boys?"

"The fellows who killed your colt. They laid me out for telling their names before I knew anything was up."

"All pile on to you?"

"All that could—yes; guess they all got in a kick or two."

"The young scamps! I'll fix 'em, though. Now, I want the names of all that crowd. You didn't tell all of them. Who were the others?"

"You mustn't ask me, sir. I don't feel very bad now about what I said; but I've no quarrel with them about that matter; and I don't believe in tattling, anyhow."

"Well, well, maybe that's right; but I'll find out, just the same. But say, my boy, tell me squarely. Did you take the teacher's money? I saw your tantrums at school, and it didn't look like make-believe."

"I did not take it—I saw it taken, and tried to make the little sneak put it back. I had to take it away from him, but I didn't get the key until late that night; so I had to wait till morning before I could return it. Then I was caught at it, and accused by the very one I was trying to shield." He spoke earnestly; he wanted some one to believe him.

"But what did you do it for? Why didn't you go and tell Mr. Clark?"

"I'm not that kind; I don't tell you the names you want."

"Different thing. Malicious mischief and cruelty to dumb brutes are bad enough, but stealing is low down. A thief deserves no such consideration."

"I promised—I told one of his family I'd look out for him a little, and take care of him."

"Sister?"

Dick's face showed red between the bruises and the farmer grinned.

"So, so," he said; "well, you're pretty young for that. I reckon you'll pull through all right. So-long."

Dick watched the broad back of the farmer grow small in the distance, then brought his thoughts back to himself and his future. Here was the first practical sympathy which he had received—which had crystallized into: "You'll pull through all right—so-long."

Should he pull through all right? The retreating broad back of the farmer told him plainly that if he did it would be because of his own effort alone. In a few hours he should be hungry, and when he ate it would be of food furnished by a man who had less sympathy for him than had the farmer. But this man held in trust money which would be his when he was of age—how much, he did not know; he had never been told. But he would find out; and he would ask the lawyer's advice.

He walked briskly down the streets to the business part of the village and opened the office door of the lawyer who had settled his mother's estate. A smirking clerk informed him that the lawyer was out of town on business which would keep him away for a month. With gloomy face he sauntered up the streets toward the school, and, while passing a vacant lot, whirled his school books high in the air over the fence. With them went his past, and the hopes, plans, friendships and ambitions which pertained to it. He was no longer a schoolboy, satisfied with praise and a favorable monthly report. The world was before him and against him.

Yet the habit of years guided his wandering steps to the vicinity of the school from whose thrall he had escaped; and as he hung over a fence adjoining that of the school grounds, the closing bell sounded from the cupola. The scholars would be out in five minutes.

Acting on a sudden resolve he placed himself near the girls' entrance, where he knew that every scholar in the three departments—except possibly ball-players or swimmers—must pass him; and he was savagely pleased at the results. He was a peculiarly ugly boy just then—scarred, disfigured and scowling—and in a very ugly mood. Also, he held in his hand an ugly, sharp-edged fence-picket for the benefit of any boy who might feel moved to repeat or duplicate the punishment of the ball-ground.

The news of his disgrace had gone through the three departments at recess and at noon. Every one in the school had known Dick Halpin, but none knew him now. Girls, big and little, shied by him with wide-open, curious eyes, as though they were looking at some strange creature which might bite. Small boys acted similarly, and Georgie made a detour across the street, but said nothing. The larger boys glanced unconcernedly at him, and passed dignifiedly by, Pig Jones only giving sign of recognition—grimacing first, then dodging a sweeping blow of the fence-picket. But it was Mabel whom Dick was waiting to test, and down the street the larger boys stopped and watched, equally interested. She came along toward the last, and when she hurried by with the old swift, piercing glance at his face, and turned her eyes ahead, the heart of the boy tightened.

A girl a year or so younger than Dick came flying back from the crowd down the street, her hair streaming behind and her blue eyes glowing with indignation and sympathy.

"Oh, Dicky," she said, as she placed her hands on his shoulders and looked into his face. "I want to tell you—I don't believe it—my sister pulled me along, and wouldn't let me speak to you. I just hate that George Arthur; I know you didn't steal it. What have they been doing to you?"

A lump came in his throat and tears to his eyes. "No, Bessie," he said thickly, "I didn't; I told the truth, and I had a fight over the other thing."

A teacher had come between them. "Come, Bessie, go home." And with a good-night to Dick she went on.

He shouldered his picket and crossed the street to the ball-ground. In three minutes he was sobbing his heart out to the grass, but it was not his trouble that moved him; it was Bessie's sympathy and faith.

Dick's interview with his uncle at supper-time, though stormy and painful, was the least of that day's troubles. It need not be detailed. With sneering and scornful upbraiding the narrow-minded old man flourished Mr. Clark's note and overruled Dick's sullen and defiant denial. Through it all Aunt Mollie shed tears, but attempted no vain mediation. There could be but one ending. An intimation from the angry uncle to the effect that were Dick not his sister's child he would turn him out was promptly met by Dick's declaration that he would save him that trouble—he would go when he had finished his supper, which, with the clothes on his back, he considered himself entitled to.

So, with a kiss and good-by to his agitated aunt, and an unboyish frown at his uncle, Dick Halpin, with two black eyes and a swollen nose, and with nothing in his pockets but a jack-knife and a key—neither of which belonged to him—went out into the gloom of the evening to face the world.

SEVENTH CHAPTER

WITH his hands in his pockets he trudged through the quiet streets and out the country road, thinking deeply. His headache was gone, and his sore spots, though still alive, not painful enough to prevent a brisk walk—the most conducive to thought in some temperaments—as he reviewed the happenings of the last two days. So rapidly had events crowded one another that it seemed weeks back when he had walked to school with Mabel Arthur—envied of all boys. And viewed in the light of these events, she was more than ever, now, like a creature of some higher species, or inhabitant of some distant planet, who, without responsibility, had entered his life, done him harm, and left it. But she was still the central figure of his thoughts, taking precedence over the boys who had ill-treated him, the teacher who had misjudged him, the scholars who had snubbed him, and even Bessie and his Aunt Mollie—his only friends now. The first was only a "young un" whose good will he had lately won by a timely rescue of her kitten, and the second was so associated with and overshadowed by the disagreeable personality of his

uncle that she had failed, with her passive negative temperament, of making any deep or lasting impression on his mind. As for his uncle, he had ceased almost to think of him, and hoped soon to forget him.

He would go to work, study in the evening, finish the senior course, and go to New York, where he would get a position in a store or office, and study law or medicine, thus getting a better education than the other boys could get in the high school. And when he was a prosperous man, with good clothes and a silk hat and a gold watch, he would come back to the village and put up at the hotel. And the only people in the whole town whom he would recognize would be Aunt Mollie and Bessie. He would kick George Arthur out of his way if he came in front of him. He would take Aunt Mollie—without his uncle's permission—and Bessie out riding, and pass Mabel Arthur on a crossing, where she would have to wait until they passed by. And he wouldn't speak to her or see her at all; but he'd give her a chance later on to speak to him, if she wanted to, and apologize; and when she did he would just lift his silk hat politely, and——

There was a smothered growl in the rear; then sharp teeth grazed his leg and closed on the slack of his trousers and underclothes, while he was nearly thrown by the impact of a bulldog, who had come down to the gate.

"Hang it," he exclaimed, "even the dogs are down on me."

He recognized the large frame farmhouse standing back in the darkness as that of Mr. Bronson, and he had once enjoyed a passing acquaintance with the dog; so he spoke to him kindly and firmly. But words count for little with bulldogs on duty, and he tried to kick. The dog dodged, growling the while and gathering in more cloth, until Dick was forced to call for help. The door opened and in the stream of light from within people stood and peered into the darkness.

"Call your dog away, please, Mr. Bronson," cried Dick. "I can't shake him off."

Two men ran down the path and into the road. One was Mr. Bronson, the other a giant of a man, who lifted the dog in the air with a mighty kick, just as the cloth began tearing. Half of Dick's left trouser-leg went with the dog, who trotted into the house, still shaking the cloth.

"It's me, Mr. Bronson," said Dick.

"By ginger! What's the matter? Turned out, or run away?"

"I guess it's both, sir. I can't live home any longer."

"Guess I know that uncle o' yours. He's a nice old plum. Come into the house, boy, and we'll talk it over."

In spite of his protests that his trousers were torn, he was taken into the large kitchen, where Mrs. Bronson, a cheerful-faced woman, stood with the piece of cloth in her hand—replevined from the dog—and laughed at him. It is given women to laugh at man's calamity. They inherit the tendency with their long hair and the critical faculty, as a sexual characteristic.

But though Mrs. Bronson laughed at him, she hustled him into a bedroom, told him to throw out his trousers for her to mend, and go to bed if he pleased. And Dick was pleased—very much. Stretched between cool sheets, he congratulated himself on the happy end to a hard day, and fell asleep, but wakened soon from his own hard breathing, and because of the talk in the kitchen, which concerned him.

DRAWN BY GEORGE GIBBS

"Are you healthy? Ever have fits?"

EIGHTH CHAPTER

IN THE few embarrassed moments of his stay in the kitchen he had noticed the big man who had kicked the dog, and recognized him as one he had seen at times through his boyhood swinging along the streets from the station to the country road and back—a sunburned man, dressed in the big-collared shirt and wide-bottomed trousers of the navy, who was reputed to be Mr. Bronson's brother. It was his voice, a deep, rolling barytone, which he heard as he wakened.

"Can't tell anything about circumstantial evidence," he was saying. "Things get twisted around mighty curious sometimes, and everything points to the wrong man. On that chance alone I should say that the kid didn't take the money. That's a smart boy—too smart to put back anything he'd lifted."

"But he was seen taking it," said Mr. Bronson's voice. "Another boy saw him and told; that's why he put it back."

"Yes, and tells a likely yarn, too, you say; and this one tells an unlikely yarn. Consequently, I'm with him; I'm on the other side of circumstantial evidence—or positive evidence where there's an object in making it. If t'other kid stole it he couldn't ha' got out of it nicer. Down in the navy yard on the Trenton, Sam Davis, one of the 'prentice boys, finished his time and got his discharge and money. He was a likely youngster and had got up to be captain o' the mizzen-top, so he had a good boodle due him—'bout two hundred. Well, he'd shaken hands all 'round after breakfast, and was just going out the gangway port when something caused him to reach in and feel of his munk-bag—little leather bag we carry our money in when we have any, you know—and there was nothing in it. So, some one had it, sure. He fired his bag and hammock in on deck and swore he wouldn't quit the ship till he got it. It was there when he turned in night before, he said, because, though he admitted being three sheets in the wind when he came aboard, he was straight enough to make sure of his money 'fore he went to sleep. Well, the officers took up the case and called all us mizzen and main topmen to quarters while the chief master-at-arms went through our dunnage. They found the roll in my hammock 'tween the mattress and canvas. Then they made me turn out my pockets and found a pocket-piece—a Japanese ten sen—which Sam thought a good deal of and never let go out of his hands. So the thief—which was me, 'cording to the evidence—had gone through his pockets as well as his munk-bag while he was sleeping off his liquor.

"You ought to be ashamed to sit there and tell it, Ned Bronson," said Mrs. Bronson's voice.

"I didn't take it. I'd borrowed his knife day before and returned it. The coin must ha' stuck 'tween the blade and handle and dropped out in my pocket without either of us knowing it. It was a penknife, not the big lanyard knife. Well, I had a good record, and swore black and blue that I was innocent—and even Sam didn't like to believe it—so they didn't put me in the brig, but let me sling my hammock in the old place, and that night Sam himself cleared me. He had skipped out with his dunnage, got full again, forgot that he was out o' the old ship, and that night sneaked aboard, and the berth deck corporal stowed him under a gun carriage for the night. 'Bout an hour later he caught him fooling 'round my hammock trying to stow his wad of bills under my mattress. He was sounder asleep than I was, and I'm a pretty sound sleeper. Corporal reported it in the morning, and it cleared me."

"Oh—sleep-walking."

"Yup—and whiskey. A man'll do things when he's drunk that he won't remember till he loads up again. I tell you, circumstantial evidence is no good."

"I believe it was all made up between you and your friend Sam," said Mrs. Bronson. "You're a bad lot—you sailors."

"Circumstantial evidence is no good, I tell you."

"'Tain't conclusive, I admit," said Mr. Bronson, "but it's a help. That boy in there knows the names that I need to make up my list. That's all I want of him."

"He's too bright a boy, anyhow, to stagnate around this blasted old town. Send him down to the Minnesota, and I'll make a sailor of him. I like that boy; he showed nerve with your blamed dog, and he's got character. Bet you don't get any information out o' him."

Dick listened no more. His mended trousers were inside the door, and he dressed himself. Stepping into the kitchen, he confronted the two men smoking at the table. Mrs. Bronson had disappeared.

"I wasn't asleep, Mr. Bronson," he said, "and I heard." He spoke unevenly, for there was a lump in his throat. Turning to the other, who was regarding him with an amused look in his brown face, he said:

"You are right; I'll tell on nobody. All I want is a place to work and sleep. Do they take boys of my size?"

"Lots o' them. Want to enlist?"

"Yes, sir, I do; I think I would like it."

"It's a tough life, and it makes a machine of a man; but as I understand your case it's about the best thing you can do. Are you healthy. Ever have fits?"

"I'm healthy as I can be. No, I've never had fits yet."

"Can you climb?"

"I can climb trees."

"Can you keep your temper when you feel like murder? Can you grip your tongue 'tween your teeth when a young pup just out o' the Naval Academy calls you a swab and a soger and a farmer?"

Dick swiftly reviewed the day's ordeals, and answered: "I could if I had to, sir."

"You'll have to, never fear. Got any money?"

"No, sir—not a cent."

"Well, I'll tell you. You can hoof it to New York, and starve by the way, but 'taint necessary. Fare's eighty cents, and guardian fee's a dollar. I'll go a dollar eighty on you. I'm guardian to three young rapscallions down there now. You'll ship as third-class boy, at nine a month and rations, but you'll only get liberty money until your time is up—when you are of age. By that time you'll have seen something of the world, and can make a better start in life, or ship over again, if you like it. You can pay me the dollar eighty in installments out of your liberty money.

"Bill," he said to the farmer, "let this boy stop here till his face gets in shape again, and if I'm gone then, send him down to the ship. I'll leave you the money."

"Well, all right. But say, youngster, I'll give you the money—I'll make it two dollars—if you give me the names of the other boys."

"No, sir. I'd rather walk out."

"All right, all right," said the farmer impatiently. "I'll get 'em. Go to bed again. Good luck to you."

NINTH CHAPTER

A WEEK later Mabel Arthur was handed a package addressed to her at the post-office. It contained a key, and a letter which she read, and then, hurrying home, read again after supper, in her room. It ran as follows:

U. S. S. MINNESOTA,
September——.

Miss Mabel Arthur:

Here is the key which your brother used to open Mr. Clark's desk that day you asked me to look out for him. It was because I said I would that I did not want to give him away. So I took the money away from him, but he had the key, and late that night I took the key away from him, all because I promised you. You know how I was caught putting the money back next morning; but you believed I stole it the same as all the others did. I did not take it, but I wanted to keep my promise to you. I loved you, and you are not worth powder to blow you up.

Yours truly,
RICHARD HALPIN.

P. S. I've shipped in the navy and you will never see me again.

Mabel folded the letter, and idly tapping the window-sill with the key, watched the details of the garden without disappear in the gathering darkness; then she arose and approached an old-fashioned writing-desk, to put the letter away. There was no key in the lock, and almost involuntarily she inserted the one in her hand; it turned the bolt easily. She lighted the gas, and with eyes that were large with growing terror, examined the key. It was old-fashioned as the desk, but told her nothing. She examined every key-hole in the room. They all contained keys, which, one by one, she tried in the desk; but none would turn the lock but the first. She opened the desk, and carefully blotting out with ink the lines declaring Dick's sentiments and his estimate of her value in powder, threw herself face down on the bed.

An hour later her brother's whoop on the street without told of his arrival for the night, and when he entered the house she called him into her room. Fifteen minutes later she called her father from the library, and five minutes after she was in the street with the key and letter in her hand, speeding toward the residence of Mr. Clark and stopping her ears against a harrowing sound—a sound which brought neighbors out-of-doors and caused many a jocular comment over the fence—a boy's wailing screams punctuated by the sharp thwack of a trunk strap.

Neither she nor her brother attended school again; but on the following morning Mr. Clark, with a troubled face, addressed the scholars and announced the complete exculpation of Richard Halpin from the offense with which he had been charged, by the confession of the real culprit, whose name he saw no occasion to divulge. He added a few moral reflections about the peril of too hasty conclusions, and warned them of the folly of yielding under adverse pressure, as Richard Halpin had done, to the extent of running away from home.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

XUM

Letters from a Congressman's Wife

WASHINGTON, D. C.

IT WOULD seem to be a wise precaution on the part of the human family if it would keep ever before its mind's eye that old adage: "Remember the wheel of Providence is always in motion, and therefore mix trembling with thy joy;" for the wheel of Providence has been at work to such purpose this winter that the season here in Washington has gone limping around on crutches and now threatens to give up altogether and go to bed. For between this popular malady, "grip," and the death of the great Queen, nearly everybody and everything of late has been laid low.

I have been whimsically reminded of Barnaby Rudge's impish black raven named "Grip," who went hopping about from object to object and from person to person; and as he would alight he would announce shrilly, "I'm a devil! I'm a devil!" occasionally varying this to "Never say die!"

Could anything be more like that impish bird than this "grip" which has hopped about in the most impartial way, giving a hard gripe alike to President and citizen and laying out the entire District of Columbia?

No sooner had this namesake of Barnaby Rudge's bird alighted upon the White House than the social world set to work to recast its functions, for after the first Cabinet dinner at the Executive Mansion all the state functions were abandoned. Then came the next and greater affliction which put every Embassy and Legation into mourning and every flag at half-mast, and when this had happened there was very little left of the social season but dinners and débutantes. I know of nothing to equal the elasticity of the dinner-giver and the débutante here in Washington. Each, like the harebell in the poem, springs "elastic from the airy tread" of death and distemper. However,

> "Except wind stands as never it stood,
> It is an ill wind turns none to good."

I determined that with a cessation of various social festivities I should be able to follow more carefully legislative doings in Congress, and to post myself upon the ins and outs of the merry little war that has been going on in the House over the coming inaugural ceremonies and its part therein. For it would seem that Congress is getting to be not unlike a professional celebrator, what with its recent Centennial Celebration, its John Marshall Day, and the Inauguration close at hand; and over one and all of these events the House has had to have its little quarrel, pout and threat to take its tea-set and go home. When I questioned Robert about it all he only said enigmatically:

"Well, Agatha, thereby hangs a tale. We think the Speaker is right in resenting the position that he always has to occupy on these occasions."

I determined to know more about the matter. And also, among other things I was to do during this lull in the season, I meant to make up all my visits in outlying circles, and to cultivate more carefully those delightful people, the "Cave-dwellers," who attract me more than any of the smart people ever could do. To further this chance of acquaintance, just at this time, I was luckily invited to a little five o'clock tea-drinking in one of these old-fashioned, exclusive houses, and the whole occasion was a delight to me.

The dwelling was far up on the avenue, almost where the city merges into Georgetown, with a dingy exterior that told of past and faded grandeur; but everywhere in the interior, from the dark and polished floors, bare and slippery, to the quaint old "poet china," bearing the name of "Cowper," out of which we drank our fragrant tea, was stamped the hall-mark of race and gentility. I almost groaned when I thought of the ornate, gilded, flamboyant dwelling of the Robert John Slocums.

As we advanced into the darkened room some one whispered to me:

"If we find Miss Clemmie X—— here to-day we must start her to talking about the Prince of Wales and his visit to America. Miss Clemmie was a favored guest at the White House in Buchanan's time, being a friend of his niece, Harriet Lane, who presided there. It was always believed that the President would like to have made Miss Clemmie the first lady in the land."

After this little bit of interesting gossip I devoutly hoped that Miss Clemmie would be present, and she was. Nothing was more impressed upon me that afternoon than the charming attention that was being heaped upon this beautiful old lady in this quaint, aristocratic old house. If this Miss Clemmie had been a guest in one of the smart houses of the smart set she would have been passed by for an "old frump" from whom nothing was to be gotten but figures and reminiscences out of the past.

She was like a bit of Dresden china with her waving white hair, her delicate pink cheeks and her upright figure. Some one said, when I was presented to her:

"Miss Clemmie, Mrs. Slocum belongs to the 'statesmen's series' that you are so fond of."

Miss Clemmie smiled, took my hand and called me "my dear," and then some one said eagerly:

"Miss Clemmie, your old friend Albert Edward has come at last to the throne of England."

"Yes; it is the continual experience of earth's mutability —these changes." She sighed as she spoke.

"Please, Miss Clemmie, tell us about the time the Prince was here and you danced with him at the White House ball," said a young girl.

"Oh, that's such an old tale, and I'm an old woman, done with balls and the like, but——"

A chord had been touched and it vibrated. She spoke again:

"I remember him so well as a youth in this country, then later as a man when I went over there and he presented me to his mother." She seemed loth to speak.

"Please, Miss Clemmie," the young girl coaxed.

"Well," said Miss Clemmie, brightening visibly.

"I did not feel much more than a 'gyirl' myself when the Prince came to this country, although I was well along in my twenties"—Miss Clemmie pronounced girl with the two-syllable softness peculiar to Southerners. She continued:

"I used to go to the White House in those days with my brother, General X——, to visit Harriet Lane." The soft color deepened in her cheeks and a little quick glance was shot about among us who stood listening. She said suddenly with considerable vim:

"I tell you what, you young people do not know what fine manners are in this day. You should have seen the courtly elegance of——"

"The Prince?" eagerly interrupted the young girl.

"Oh," said Miss Clemmie, her tone suddenly cooling, "the Prince of course had fine manners. He had been trained in court ways and in court bowing, but he could not compare, a mere stripling, with the elegance of our President. Mr. Buchanan was, of course, well along in years, but he was the most elegant man of his day——"

Another glance, more meaning, passed among us.

"What was the Prince like?" some one asked. She replied with a smile:

"He was a nice, pleasant, whitey-brown-haired boy, with very light eyes and eyebrows, and an incipient down on his upper lip. He had the most sloping shoulders I had ever seen on a man, and both Harriet and I thought he was rather spindling about the legs, though the fashion in trousers of that day was such that all men looked queer and baggy about the legs. However, the Prince was the nicest, most modest youth I ever met. He was absolutely unpretending and unconscious of his own high state, and after the first day or so he was as jolly as possible. There was a levee given at the Executive Mansion to which only dignitaries and diplomats were invited, and late in the evening one or two square dances were danced——"

"Whom did the Prince dance with?"

"With Harriet Lane, of course."

"And the President?"

The little old lady's manner took on something of stiffness as she replied:

"The President of the United States never danced; and besides, Mr. Buchanan was no longer young."

"Oh!" was sighed by each of us and the young girl said impulsively:

"Oh, but, Miss Clemmie, surely you danced?"

"Oh, yes, I danced with the Prince, and was a good bit nervous over it, too. I also danced several times with the Prince's friend, Lord Hinchenbrooke."

"You must find the White House much changed since the days of Mr. Buchanan, Miss Clemmie," some one said.

After a moment of silence she replied quietly:

"It is forty years since I have crossed the door-sill of the Executive Mansion."

No one spoke for a minute or two. Then some one gave a turn to the conversation and the little knot about Miss Clemmie drifted away. I made up my mind as I came away that I would know more of this quiet, exclusive resident set in Washington to which Miss Clemmie belongs.

Meantime I was anxious to hear something of the little disturbance going on in the House over the inaugural ceremonies, for the Inauguration is the one absorbing theme in Washington over which, for some mysterious reason, everybody is wrangling. I also wanted to know why the Speaker of the House had been so opposed to allowing the John Marshall celebration to take place within its legislative doors. I went up to the House and, sure enough, the whole floor was in a fine fume over the Inauguration. After listening a few minutes I came to the conclusion that our legislators are only overgrown children after all, and I felt very much as Horace Walpole did when he said: "In my youth I thought of writing a satire on mankind; but now in my age I think I will write an apology instead."

Senator P—— seemed to be over in the House on some business and I lost no time in trying to get hold of him and of Robert, too. I wanted them to enlighten me as to the wherefore of the Inauguration being to the House like the traditional red flag to a raging bovine. Robert of course had returned from Spruce City after his Senatorial success and was being much congratulated on the floor by his fellow-members. As soon as they both found me I asked:

"What is all this row, anyway? Why is the House so fierce against taking part in the inaugural ceremony of the Vice-President?"

Senator P—— hastened to say:

"Oh, it is only the same old antagonism between the Senate and the House over these little matters concerning ceremonies and precedence."

Before Robert could put in a word I said:

"Listen!" There was a tilt going on below between Mr. Hopkins and Mr. Hepburn. Mr. Hopkins was saying in a conciliatory voice:

"Would it not be well for the House to participate in the inauguration of the Vice-President, I should like to ask the gentleman from Iowa?"

The gentleman from Iowa returned with a fierce intonation:

"No! We have been treated over in the Senate with contempt and ignominy. Time and again we have gone over there, three hundred and fifty strong, to find only fifty or sixty seats provided for our accommodation. Many of us have even had to stand out in the corridor."

The Senator shrugged his shoulders at this statement, while Robert nodded his head in confirmation. Then Mr. Hopkins inquired in a honeyed voice:

"Does the gentleman from Iowa think that in legislation there should be an ignoring of the Vice-President?"

"Absolutely!" snapped Mr. Hepburn.

"But," interjected Mr. Hemenway, of Indiana, trying to smooth the irate member from Iowa, "the Vice-President is something more than the presiding officer of the Senate. He may become the President of the United States. To refuse to take part in his inauguration is something the House has never done in the history of the United States."

There was a temporary lull at this. I whispered to Robert:

"It is a regular battle of the 'H's,' isn't it?—Hopkins, Hepburn, Hemenway. Is the Speaker in it, too?"

"Yes; Hepburn is speaking for Henderson, presumably," returned Robert.

Suddenly the scrimmage seemed to die away and the House was ready to vote on the issue, so Robert hurried down for the division, but immediately another grievance was sprung. A member arose and said:

"I think the matter of tickets for the inaugural ceremonies needs looking into. I find that Senators are to be allowed some twenty or more tickets each while Representatives are to be allowed only seven."

And here a man from Tennessee interjected:

"While on the subject of tickets I should suggest that members of Congress should be entitled to tickets for the Inaugural Ball—free——"

This was the climax. There was an uproar all over the House. The Speaker pounded with his gavel. In vain he cried:

"The House will be in order!"

The whole floor and even the galleries were in a buzz of talk. I said to Senator P—— as we both watched the turbulent scene below:

"This is almost as funny a scene as the wrangling match you had the other week in your so-called secret session over in the Senate, when Mr. Pettigrew read out that pleasant little article written by Mr. Chandler years ago, which attacked Mr. Hawley, and when the latter waked the echoes by the polite epithet he hurled at Mr. Chandler. That was really the star performance of this session."

"Yes," laughed the Senator, "it is one of our privileges in the Senate to call what names we please in secret session. Chandler was exasperating, to say nothing of Pettigrew. When the vote to confirm young Harlan was finally carried, Chandler gave a touch of sardonic humor to the situation by saying:

"'I am in favor of making this confirmation unanimous. It would become a serious menace if the sons of great men cannot be appointed to office without criticism, because'—and here he looked around the Senate with his steel-trap smile—'because I have four sons myself.'

"This raised a great laugh, for it went home to nearly every man in that Chamber," added Senator P——.

"What was the trouble about the John Marshall celebration being held here in the House? It is said the Speaker was set against it. Did he not think John Marshall sufficiently great to be so honored?"

"Oh, that is not it. Henderson is 'putcheky' about giving up his Chair to others; for of course, on that occasion, the Chief Justice was to preside. The committee got its orator of the occasion, Wayne MacVeagh, to put the matter before Henderson and it was arranged."

"Well, if John Marshall had been in the House to-day he would never have earned his title, 'Swift to hear and slow to

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Editor's Note—This is one of a series of letters by the author of The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife, which appeared in The Saturday Evening Post last winter.

talk,' which distinguished him on this floor years ago, for to-day no man listens and all men talk, and talk at once. Did not John Marshall come near being one of John Adams' famous 'midnight judges'?"

"No. He was appointed, you remember, a month before Adams retired from office, on the fourth of February, which is the date of the celebration held in every State in the Union; but Marshall did sign the nominations of all those 'midnight judges.'"

"Was he so truly a great man?"

"Yes, he was truly a great man, with a great mind, though it has taken the country one hundred years to emphasize the fact. There are some funny tales about Marshall. In the first place he was unprepossessing. Josiah Quincy describes him as being so tall that he had the air of regretting himself, for he had no knack of carrying off his height, and his manner was so simple as to be almost rustic. Quincy once saw Marshall, in Washington, carrying his dinner through the streets in an open basket, and he was so impressed by it that he spoke of it to one of Marshall's fellow-Virginians, and the reply to it was more extraordinary than Marshall's act. The Virginian said:

"'Well, sir, I dare say you have seen Marshall carrying his dinner in a basket; but, sir, I have seen him walking on his hands and knees, with a straw in his mouth.'

"This was so far removed from the actions usually appertaining to the ermine that Quincy demanded an explanation of such a feat; and it turned out that Marshall was a keen lover of the game of quoits. The game in that day was universal, and disputes were always rife as to the distances of the quoits from the hub, and a straw was the accepted means of measurement. So Justice Marshall would get down on all fours and measure the distance with his straw.

"The funny thing was," continued the Senator, who loved these accounts of dead and gone great men, "that the bystanders always wanted the Chief Justice to win, so partial were they to him. Marshall was said to be as skillful in throwing the quoit as he was in discussion. Sometimes, in rural sections where the proper rings could not be had, the game would be played with flat stones for quoits, and many was the time that the Chief Justice could be seen emerging from a thicket that bordered some little brook, carrying as large a pile of flat stones as he could hold between his right arm and his chin. He would throw down his load and say pleasantly:

"'There! Here are enough quoits for us all.'"

We sat a moment looking down on the House below. It was sober enough just now, for the roll was being called. I said, thinking over the glimpse just given me of the great jurist:

"Your description of John Marshall gives me a far more human idea of the man than, I will wager, the famed panegyric gave that was delivered here. That, no doubt, will rehearse his great legal achievements, including his famous opinion in the Aaron Burr case. Sporting blood seems to flow in the veins of our prominent men no matter to what period they belong. They all go upon the plan that 'there's no such sport as sport by sport o'erthrown.' Just see how golf has turned the heads of Senators, Cabinet officers, Congressmen and Supreme Court Justices! Why, I meet Justice McKenna and Justice Harlan often out on the Chevy Chase links, and Senator Wolcott, too. Mr. Joy, of the House, goes out on the links as early as seven in the morning, to get an appetite, he says, which seems to me is a genuine way of getting 'sauce by labor.'"

"Yes," said the Senator. "Golf overtakes everybody sooner or later. There's Dennis Flynn, the Delegate from Oklahoma, who is so enthusiastic over the links in his country. He said to me: 'Out in our country we have so much room that the links are bounded only by the North and South Poles and the rising and the setting of the sun.'"

DRAWN BY T. GUERNSEY MOORE

Inventors in Overalls

By René Bache

NECESSITY being the mother of invention, it is not surprising to find that many of the most valuable patents have been granted to mechanics and other persons obliged to work for day's wages, and in not a few instances the ideas evolved from their brains have produced veritable showers of gold. Some of the inventions, indeed, have brought millions of dollars, while in numerous other instances they have made their originators independent.

W. M. Jenne, of Ilion, New York, was a mechanic working by the day when he began to produce typewriter inventions. His ideas in this line have brought him wealth, and he is now superintendent of a typewriter manufacturing company. To Jenne and C. L. Sholes—two men whose names are almost unknown to the general public—is chiefly due the development of the writing machines of to-day. Sholes, who died rich, began as a mechanic, and a universally known typewriter was to a great extent his creation.

Mergenthaler, who received millions from the linotype machine, was originally an expert mechanic, engaged in making telescopes and other scientific apparatus. His contrivance is now in use all over the world, the mechanical compositor having taken the place of the human typesetter in nearly every great newspaper office.

L. C. Crowell was likewise a toiler at day's wages when he began to invent improvements in printing machines. His contrivance for folding, which brought him a large fortune, made possible the present enormous editions of many-paged newspapers. Up to that time the lack of a folding device had set a limit on the output of the printing press, but now the Crowell folder takes the sheets as they receive the impressions, packs them into neat shape, and stacks them up all ready for distribution.

Frank A. Johnson was a mechanic in Minneapolis when he took out his first patent for a typesetting machine. His inventions in this line have brought him wealth, and he owns large blocks of stock in the companies that manufacture mechanical typesetters.

The process of welding metals under water by means of the electric arc was not recognized at first as a great discovery. Its inventor, George D. Burton, was a mechanic, and every cent he could get hold of he spent on his idea, until, just as he had begun to despair, he sold a part interest in his patent for $100,000.

Alexander P. Morrow was a mechanic employed by a bicycle company when he invented the coaster-brake which bears his name. Two hundred and fifty thousand of these brakes have been sold, and the royalty has made Mr. Morrow rich.

F. A. Flanegin had a little jewelry shop in Washington; but at length he devised a method of cleaning oil wells by dropping an electric stove down into them. Formerly, when such wells became choked with paraffin, they were cleaned by exploding nitroglycerin cartridges, which was a costly method and risky. The electric stove process, which is cheap and can do no damage, has made the inventor a rich man.

William Painter, of Baltimore, was a poor man. The notion of crimping a piece of thin metal around the neck of a bottle, to take the place of a cork, struck him, and he became well off. Many bottles nowadays have such caps.

Fortunes in Tan-Yards and Telephones

Augustus Schultz, of New York, invented the modern method of tanning, which has reduced the process of making leather from an affair of a year or two to one of a few weeks, thus revolutionizing the business. All of the thin, tough leather manufactured nowadays is made in this way. When Schultz began his experiments he was so poor that, it is said, he had to prepare his solutions in tumblers. His invention made him rich.

Charles M. Hall was a student at Oberlin College when he discovered a solvent by which aluminum could be separated from its ore. Though the metal is very plentiful in Nature, every clay-bank being a mine of it, the difficulty was to part it economically from other substances with which it is commonly found combined. Hall solved this problem, and his process, which is in use to-day, has made a fortune for him.

Charles J. Van Depoele, inventor of the under-running trolley, was a mechanic. Now, thanks to this and other ideas in regard to electric railroading, he is a rich man.

Emile Berliner was a clerk, and he paid a mechanic fifty cents a night to teach him something about electricity. The teacher was very ignorant of the subject, and, that was one reason why Berliner was led off the beaten track. He began to make discoveries, and finally he evolved ideas which made the long-distance telephone possible, the Bell apparatus being good only for short distances. The monopoly of the Bell company is now held under the Berliner patents, and the ambitious clerk is well to do.

Thomas L. Willson, of New York, was a dabbler in experimental chemistry. He hit upon a cheap method of making carbide of calcium, which up to that time had been known only as a laboratory product, and the discovery has brought him wealth, calcium carbide being the source of acetylene gas.

Doctor Bell, the telephone man, was a school-teacher. He took the first working model of his telephone to John A. Logan and offered him a half interest for $2500, saying that it would do away with the telegraph, and that there were millions in it. Logan said: "I dare say your machine works perfectly, but who would want to talk through such a thing as that, anyway? I advise you to save your money, young man." Telephone stock is worth to-day $80,000,000, or some such sum, and Bell got several millions of the money. He offered a tenth interest to an examiner in the Patent Office for $100. It was refused. That tenth interest was worth $1,600,000 within fifteen years, and the man to whom it was offered is still examining patents at $2000 per annum.

Edison was a telegrapher when he made his first important invention. He took it to a company on Broadway, New York, and the manager told him he would pay $36,000 for it, and not a cent more. The future Wizard was astounded, never having thought of receiving such an immense sum. He feared that the check might be bogus, and was sure of it when the paying-teller of the bank refused to cash it offhand. However, when he secured identification, the money was handed to him. It was the greatest day in Edison's life, and, though he has received millions since then for his ideas, he has never been made so happy by a subsequent success.

Hugo Cook, of Dayton, Ohio, was a worker for wages in that city when he made the invention upon which one of the most efficient cash registers in the market is based. He receives a royalty of two dollars apiece, and enough are sold in a year to give him an income of about $25,000.

W. L. Bundy was a watchmaker when he invented the workmen's time recorder, which is now coming into use all over the world for the purpose of keeping "tab" on employees in factories and other business establishments. Large capital has been invested in the contrivance, and Mr. Bundy is a rich man.

Westinghouse, who invented the air-brake, was a machinist. His idea was worth many millions to him.

Gramme, a Belgian, who invented the ring dynamo, was a carpenter by trade, employed in the making of models for electric machines. He could hardly read or write, but he bought a dictionary and a book on electricity, and tried to teach himself. His invention revolutionized the manufacture of dynamos, brought him a fortune, and made him famous.

These are only a few out of many instances which serve to show the opportunities that are open to the workman or the toiler for day's wages who has a mechanical turn of mind and keeps his eyes open. There are fortunes literally waiting to be picked up by anybody who has the luck or ingenuity to see them. The Patent Office at Washington is an institution whose doors are open to poor and rich alike, and many a man who is struggling for bread and butter to-day will be enjoying wealth a few years from now, thanks to new ideas, which, if they happen to be good ones, will always find a ready market.

At the Sign of the Skull

By Madison Cawein

It's "Gallop and go!" and "Slow now, slow!"
With every man in this life below—
But the things of this world are a fleeting show.

The postchaise Time that all must take
Is old with clay and dust;
Two horses strain its rusty brake
Named Pleasure and Disgust.

Our luggage totters on its roof,
Of Vanity and Care,
As Hope, the postboy, spurs each hoof,
Or heavy-eyed Despair.

And now a comrade with us rides,
Love, haply, or Remorse;
And that dim traveler besides,
Gaunt Memory on a horse.

And be we king or be we kern
Who ride the roads of Sin,
No matter how the roads may turn
They lead us to that Inn.

Unto that Inn within that Land
Of silence and of gloom,
Whose ghastly landlord takes our hand
And leads us to our room.

It's "Gallop and go!" and "Slow now, slow!"
With every man in this life below—
But the things of this world are a fleeting show.

XUM

The Diary of a Harvard Freshman

By Charles Macomb Flandrau

He hadn't taken a note, and his attitude was one of utter despair

FLEETWOOD'S TABLE D'HÔTAGE

I MIGHT have spared myself my anxiety in regard to the course in hieroglyphics. My adviser overtook me in the yard a day or so after our interview with Professor Pallas, and after walking along with me for a while he said:

"Well, Wood, I'm glad to see you looking about as usual; I had almost come to the conclusion that you'd gone stark mad." I asked him what he meant, and it seems that old Pallas had made a speech at a Faculty meeting in which he declared that the deep and ever-growing interest throughout the undergraduate body in the subject of Egyptology had reached a climax that demanded a course of some kind. He was very eloquent, and caused a good deal of mild excitement. Then some one got up and asked who were concerned in the movement, and Pallas, after fumbling in his side pocket, finally produced a memorandum and said:

"The names of those imbued with a spirit for serious archæological research are many, but I think that the youth who by his zeal in collecting and preserving valuable antiquities has done more than any one else to further this study among his fellows is Mr. Thomas Wood, of the class of——" But the poor old man didn't get any further, my adviser says, for everybody in the room began to roar and the meeting broke up in confusion. Well, that's off my mind, anyhow; although I don't see why they should have taken it the way they did. There's nothing so very extraordinary in acquiring a love for study when that's what you're supposed to come here for.

Berri and I discovered the most fascinating little place the other evening. We had been in town all afternoon on the trail of an express package of Berri's that had been lost for days, and were running along Tremont Street on the way to the Cambridge car, when Berri suddenly stopped in front of a sort of alley and clutched me. From the other end came the sound of music—a harp, a flute and a violin playing one of those Neapolitan yaya-yama songs that always, somehow, make you feel as if you'd been abroad, even when you've never been nearer Naples than waving good-by to your sister from a North German Lloyd dock in Hoboken.

"Let's go see what it is," Berri said. So we skipped to the other end of the alley and found a brightly lighted little restaurant with the music wailing away in the vestibule. We stood listening for a time and watching the people who went in. They all stopped to peer through a glass door, and then after a moment of indecision passed on—up a flight of steep stairs. Berri, of course, couldn't be satisfied until he had solved the mystery of the glass door, and it wasn't long before we were doing just as every one else did. We saw a long, narrow room with three rows of little tables reaching from end to end. The walls were covered with gay frescoes of some kind (I couldn't make them out, the tobacco smoke was so thick); foreign-looking waiters were tearing in and out among the tables; flower girls were wandering up and down with great armfuls of roses and carnations for sale, and everybody was laughing and gesticulating and having such a good time, apparently—the music was so shrill and the clatter of dishes so incessant—that Berri and I turned and gazed at each other, as much as to say: "After all these years we've found it at last." But a moment later we realized why the people we had seen go in had, after a glance, turned away and climbed the stairs; all the tables were occupied. I think we must have looked as dissatisfied as the others, for we felt that nothing upstairs could equal the scene we had just discovered. And we were right. The upper rooms were comparatively empty and quiet and rather dreary. So we came down again and were about to take a farewell look and start for home, when Berri, with his nose flattened against the glass, suddenly exclaimed, "Saved! Saved!" and pushing open the door made his way across the room. Who should be there but Mr. Fleetwood—dining alone at a table in the corner. Berri, after shaking hands with him, beckoned to me, and in a moment we had both seated ourselves at Fleetwood's table.

"This is almost as nice as if we'd really been invited—isn't it?" said Berri in his easy way. "You know we were just on the point of giving up and going home."

"Why didn't you go upstairs?" Fleetwood inquired. (He pretended all through dinner that we had spoiled his evening.) "It isn't too late even now," he suggested; "it's much nicer up there; there's more air."

"There's plenty of air, but no atmosphere," Berri answered. "This is what we enjoy," he added with a wave of his hand.

"I'm glad you like my Bohemia," Fleetwood quavered.

"Oh, Bohemia's all right," replied Berri. "Bohemia would be perfect—if it weren't for the Bohemians."

"What are 'Bohemians'?" I asked, for I'd often heard people called that without understanding just what it meant.

"Bohemians?" Berri repeated. "Why, Bohemians are perfectly horrid things who exist exclusively on Welsh rabbits and use the word 'conventional' as a term of reproach. My aunt knows hundreds of them."

"I wrote a paper once on What is a Bohemian?" Fleetwood put in. "If you would really like to know—but of course you wouldn't," he broke off sadly; "no one does any more. You clever boys know everything before you come."

"Oh, Mr. Fleetwood, please let us read your paper," we both begged him enthusiastically. I think he was a little flattered, for we wouldn't allow him to talk about anything else until he had promised to tell me where I could find his article. Berri, however, he refused absolutely, and made me promise, in turn, not to let him know where to look for it and never to quote from it in Berri's presence.

"I know him," he muttered dolefully; "I know these memories that 'turn again and rend you;' I'm an old man; '*Ich habe gelebt*' and ge-suffered."

Well, we had a most delightful dinner. Fleetwood, when he saw that he wasn't going to get rid of us, cheered up and made himself very agreeable. He can be charming when he wants to be. He and Berri did most of the talking, although his remarks, as a rule, were addressed to me. The fact is, he likes me because I'm sympathetic and a good listener, but Berri he finds vastly more interesting. Berri has traveled such a lot, and, besides, he has the knack (I haven't it at all) of being able to discuss things of which he knows nothing, in a way that commands not only attention but respect. For instance, they got into a perfectly absorbing squabble over the novelist Henry James, in which Fleetwood deplored and Berri defended what Fleetwood called his "later manner." Fleetwood ended up with:

"I've read everything he's ever done—some of them many times over—and I wrote a paper on him for Lesper's not long ago; but I couldn't, conscientiously, come to any other conclusion." To which Berri replied as he smiled indulgently to himself and broke a bit of bread with his slim, brown fingers:

"I often wonder if you people over here who write things about Harry James from time to time, really comprehend the man at all—notice that I say 'James the man,' not 'James the writer.' '*Le style c'est l'homme*,' you know; isn't it Bossuet who tells us that?"

"No, it isn't," said Fleetwood rather peevishly; "it's Buffon—and he probably stole it from the Latin, '*Stylus virum arguit*.'" Fleetwood, of course, knows what he's talking about. But, nevertheless, I could see that Berri's general air of being foreign and detached and knowing James from the inside—or rather from the other side—impressed him; and as for me—I was simply paralyzed. For I could have testified under oath that Berri had never read a word of Henry James' in his life, and that he'd never laid eyes on the man. I spoke to him about it afterward and asked him how he dared to do such things.

"Have you ever read anything by James—have you ever seen 'Harry James the man,' as you called him?" I inquired.

"No; of course not," Berri answered. "What difference does it make?"

"But you went on as if you knew more about him than even Fleetwood; and I think that toward the end Fleetwood almost thought you did himself."

"Oh—that," Berri shrugged, after trying to recall the conversation. "That was merely what an old frump of a woman said at my aunt's one day when I dropped in for luncheon. She and Aunt Josephine gabbled and gabbled, and never paid the slightest attention to me, and although they were both unusually tiresome I suppose I couldn't avoid remembering some of the things they said. But it would have been impossible for me to dwell any longer on that particular topic with Fleetwood, even if my life had depended on it, because that day at luncheon, just as my aunt's friend got started on 'James the man,' I happened to glance up and notice that she was wearing an entirely different kind of wig from the ratty old thing she'd flourished in before she went abroad. She had brought back a new one that was—why, it was an architectural marvel; it looked like the dome of a mosque, and covered her whole head, from eyebrows to neck, with little cut-out places for her ears to peek through. It hypnotized me all through luncheon, and I never heard a word about 'James the man,'—so of course when I got that far with Fleetwood I had to change the subject. Don't you remember that we began to discuss Bernhardt's conception of Hamlet rather abruptly? I'll never trust that old woman again—after making the mistake about Buffon."

Fleetwood told me a lot about Mazuret's—that's the name of the restaurant—which made me glad that we had come across it accidentally—found it out for ourselves. It's very famous. All sorts of people—writers and painters and actors and exiled noblemen—used to make a kind of headquarters of it and dine there whenever they happened to be in town. Fleetwood has been going there for years, and always sits at the same table. (That's the proper thing to do; you must have a favorite table, and when you come in and find it occupied, you must scowl and shrug and complain to the waiters in a loud voice that the place is going to the dogs. Then everybody in the room takes it for granted that you're a writer or a painter, an actor or an exiled nobleman, and looks interested and sympathetic. We saw several performances of this kind.) But the place, of course, "isn't what it used to be." I'm seven or eight years too late, as usual. Some of the poets have become very successful—which means, Fleetwood says, that they're doing newspaper work in New York; some of the painters and actors are beyond the reach of criticism—which means that they're dead; and some of the noblemen are confident that their respective governments are about to recall them to posts of responsibility and honor—which means that they are in jail.

It was more entertaining, Fleetwood says, in the days of Leontine—the shrewd, vivacious, businesslike Frenchwoman who, when Monsieur Mazuret became too ill, and Madame too old, used to make change and scold the waiters and say good-evening to you, and whose red-striped gingham shirt-waists fitted her like models from Paquin. It was Leontine who brought back the wonderful wall paper from Paris (through the glass door it looked like a painting) that represents a hunting scene, with willowy ladies in preposterous pink velvet riding-habits and waving plumes, and gentlemen blowing tasseled horns, and hounds and stags—all plunging through a perfectly impenetrable forest, whose improbable luxuriance Berri brilliantly accounted for by saying that it was evidently "Paris green."

"Attend now—I tell you something," Leontine used to say confidentially when the evening was drawing to a close, and but one or two stragglers were left in the dining-room.

"These peoples—they stay so long sometimes; I tell to them that they must go. But *non*—they will not go; and they stay, and they stay, and they stay. And all at once the—what you call?—the *chasse*—she begin to move! The horses—he gallop; the ladies—she scream of laughing; the gentlemen—he make toot, toot, toot, tooooo! The dogs—Ah-h-h-h! The—the—*cet animal-là*—the deer?—the deer—Ah-h-h-h!" Carried away by these midnight memories, Leontine would become a galloping horse, a screaming lady, a master of hounds, a savage pack and a terrified monarch of the glen—all at once. Then, overpowered by the weird horror of it, she would cover her face with her apron and run coquettishly as if for protection to another table.

"Now, you'll take me to my car and then bid me adieu, like two good boys—won't you?"

There was another tale—the description of a thunderstorm—a regular cloud-burst, it must have been—that, one afternoon, overtook Madame and Leontine in the Place de la Madeleine, Leontine personifying the truly Gallic elements—the lightning (reels backward—eyes covered with hands)—the thunder (fingers in ears—eyes rolling—mouth open and emitting groans)—the rain hissing back from the asphalt in a million silver bubbles (skirts lifted—tip-toes—mon dieus—shrieks—hasty exit to kitchen)—Leontine bringing this incoherent scene vividly before one, was worth one's eating a worse dinner, Fleetwood says, than the dinner at Mauret's. But Monsieur is dead, and Madame just dried up and blew away, and Leontine is married and—although I don't know when I've enjoyed a dinner so much—"the place isn't what it used to be."

While Fleetwood was telling me all this I noticed that Berri called one of the waiters and spoke to him in French. I don't know what he said, as he talked very fast—and anyhow it didn't sound much like the kind of French I've been used to. The waiter disappeared, and in half an hour or so a messenger boy came in and gave Berri a little envelope which he put in his pocket without saying anything. Then, when we had finished dinner and were just about to push away from the table, Berri exclaimed:

"Now, we'll all go to the theatre."

"My dear young man—if you could see the work I have to do this night," Fleetwood protested with a gesture that seemed to express mountains of uncorrected themes, "you would realize for once in your life what work really is."

"But I have the tickets," Berri explained, and he brought forth the little envelope that the messenger boy had given him.

"No—no—no!" Fleetwood answered decidedly, and started for the door. But Berri detained him.

"By inflicting our company on you we've spoiled the evening for you, I know—but you won't spoil it for me by depriving us of yours," he begged in his engaging way.

"'Sweet invocation of a child: most pretty and pathetical,'" Fleetwood laughed, and backed into the vestibule. We followed and surrounded him, so to speak—each taking hold of an arm. Then we all walked through the alley toward Tremont Street—Fleetwood quavering apprehensively from time to time: "Now, you'll take me to my car and then bid me adieu, like two good boys—won't you?" while we agreed to everything he said and clung to him like sheriffs. Berri was giggling hysterically, but although I thought the situation rather amusing I didn't see anything so terribly funny about it until we got to the parting of the ways, and Fleetwood stopped. Then I noticed that in addition to the three great red roses that Berri had bought for our buttonholes, Fleetwood had a fourth one, with long, flexible stem, growing apparently out of the top of his head. He was so unconscious of the absurd, lanky thing nodding solemnly over him whenever he spoke, that when he held out his hand, exclaiming tremulously: "'And so,' in the words of Jessica, 'Farewell; I will not have my father see me talk with thee';" and the rose emphasized every word as if it were imitating him—I gave an uncontrollable whoop and Berri doubled up on a near-by doorstep.

"I only would that my father were alive at the present moment to see me talking with thee," Berri gasped. "I don't know anything he would have enjoyed more."

Fleetwood looked hurt and mystified, and vaguely suspicious, and he stood there merely long enough to say:

"'You break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not.'" Then, as Berri was still sitting on the doorstep and I was leaning against the wall, he made a sudden dash for the other side of the street. We caught him, of course, grasped his arms once more and walked him off to the theatre—pretending all the time that we didn't notice his struggles and how furious he was at having to go with us. Berri kept up an incessant stream of conversation, saying things that, to an outsider, would have given the impression that the theatre-party was Fleetwood's, and that we were the ones who were being dragged reluctantly away from the Cambridge car. Just before we got to the theatre the solemn rose in Fleetwood's hat toppled over and dangled against his face. This also we pretended not to see, and as we had him firmly by the arms, he was unable to reach up and throw it away; so we made a spectacular entrance through the brightly lighted doorway with Fleetwood ineffectually blowing at the rose and shaking his head like an angry bull. A party of four or five fellows—students—who had been unable to get tickets, were turning away from the box-office as we appeared, and they naturally stopped to look at us.

This was in the nature of a last straw, for Fleetwood almost tearfully broke out with:

"You dreadful, dreadful boys—my reputation is ruined; they'll think I've been drinking." Even Berri began to see that we had gone somewhat far, for he plucked the rose from Fleetwood's cheek, exclaiming:

"Good gracious, man!—where did you get this? You mustn't go to the theatre looking that way. Just because Bernhardt plays Hamlet is no reason why you should undertake to do Ophelia;" and then he threw it on the floor. Fleetwood rolled his eyes hopelessly.

Well, we never got home until almost four in the morning. A man whose seat was behind ours at the play tapped Fleetwood on the shoulder as soon as we had sat down, and, after a whispered conversation, he got up and went away. Then Fleetwood told us the man was a dramatic critic—an acquaintance of his—who had been sent to write up the play for a morning paper, but that, as he didn't understand French and wasn't much of a Shakespearean scholar, and wanted to go to a progressive peanut party in West Roxbury, anyhow, he had asked Fleetwood to do the thing for him. Fleetwood used to be on a paper himself, and was delighted to renew old times.

So all during the performance he made notes on the margin of his program and chuckled to himself. The occupation, I think, diverted his mind from Berri and me and helped him to forgive us.

Afterward we went to Newspaper Row and waited for hours in a bare, rather dirty little room while Fleetwood, standing at a high desk under an electric light in the corner, wrote his review. He spent much more time in groaning. "My facility is gone—my hand has lost its cunning," than in actual writing. By the time he was ready to leave we were all famished; so before catching the owl car from Bowdoin Square we stopped at an all-night restaurant that Fleetwood used to patronize when he was a reporter, and had buckwheat cakes and maple syrup. I've never tasted anything so good.

The Cambridge car was interesting, but fearful. It was jammed with people, and I wondered where so many could have come from that hour of the morning. They couldn't all have been dramatic critics. The majority of those who got seats went sound asleep, and as the conductor couldn't very well wake them up at every street, he found out beforehand where they wanted to get off, and then hung little tags on their coats that told their destination.

When we were saying good-by to Fleetwood in the Square, Berri laughed and asked:

"Have you decided yet what you're going to do to me, Mr. Fleetwood? I know you would like to give me E on my thesis—but I don't think I deserve quite that." Instead of answering him, however, Mr. Fleetwood ran away exclaiming:

"Don't talk shop—don't talk shop; good-night—good-night!"

Berri has begun to get awfully scared about the thesis—not that he's afraid that Fleetwood will give it a low mark, but because it doesn't look at present as if there would be anything to mark at all. I found him in his room the other day with a pile of books and a scratch-block on his table. But he hadn't taken a note, and his attitude was one of utter despair. Of course he can't possibly write it unless he stays here during the holidays—for they begin day after to-morrow.

Editor's Note—The next installment of The Diary of a Harvard Freshman will appear in The Saturday Evening Post of March 16.

DRAWN BY C. CHASE EMERSON

The walls were covered with gay frescoes of some kind (I couldn't make them out, the tobacco smoke was so thick), and everybody was laughing and gesticulating

His Life's Work

By Barry Pain

THE day had been spent very quietly. Now that the work of thirty years was finished there was none of the triumph of completion, and not even the sense of relief that is so often felt when a long task is at length laid aside. All through the house the tone was grave, almost mournful.

The old man in the spare hours that science had left him had found time to win the love of many. This change frightened them. They were anxious about him. What would he do with his mornings now? He had never been easy to interest; of politics he knew nothing; he thought of art generally as a pleasant parlor game for ladies; science and the ties of personal affection had been the only realities for him. And he was about to give up half his realities.

Yes, after the work would come the reward; they did not forget that. The book was not for the general reader, but it was certain of a magnificent reception from the learned. It was a book that had been long expected, for which the scientific world was impatient. Yes, for a time he would find occupation in seeing the book through the press; and then there would be the honor and glory; but what after that? He had been so inseparably linked with the preparation of that book. His health had been good or bad, proportionately as the work had gone well or ill. And so it happened that on the day that he announced the completion of the manuscript, side by side with the spoken words of congratulation went thoughts that were grave and apprehensive.

The little old gentleman himself took the whole affair with a certain dignity. He gave no sign of exultation or depression. In fact, he was scarcely conscious what his own feelings were, but he told himself that it was vulgar to expect and base to fear. After dinner he retired to the library instead of joining his family in the drawing-room as usual, and took from the deepest of the drawers in the writing-table the precious manuscript ready for the printer.

He drew from among the sheets of his book a large diagram, full of minute detail, drawn with exquisite neatness, and peered closely at it. No: there was nothing to correct and nothing to add. To the best of his ability it was finished. He put down the sheet and leaned back in his chair.

He reminded himself that it was vulgar to expect; but in a few minutes he was thinking out phrases of a suitable modesty to use in reply to an illuminated address from a learned body. Why not? There was thirty years' work, unusual resources, great devotion and—well, yes—some intelligence in the book. It deserved recognition, and with the comforting thought he grew drowsy and nodded off to sleep in his chair.

In his sleep he had a dream. He was present at a great banquet, and he became aware that the banquet was given in his honor, and that he would shortly be expected to speak. He had no feeling of nervousness; in his hand were the notes of his speech already written out, but he felt absolutely independent of them. He was full of the happiest ideas, inspired with telling phrases conscious of power. At last the moment came, and amid loud applause he rose to his feet. He almost whispered the prefatory formula; this was calculated. Managing his voice to perfection, he became more audible as he referred in well-chosen language to the interest which His Royal Highness had always shown in the work of the society and to the honor that he conferred upon them by his presence. Then he paused and allowed the courteous applause to die away before getting to the real business of his speech. Raising his voice, and with a noble, sweeping gesture, he continued: "Wherever I gaze I see before me——"

And at that moment the arm of the sleeper shot out and upset one of the white china candlesticks beside him. It fell over on the pile of manuscript—the one copy of the great work, waiting for the printer. Awake? No, he sleeps on and on, as though nothing had happened.

. . . . . .

When you knock over a lighted candle, the candle (except in stories) is generally extinguished by the draft occasioned by the fall. That is what happened in this instance. The precious manuscript was absolutely uninjured, except for a spot of grease, which was removed with a flatiron and blotting paper on the following day.

Within a week of its publication an elderly, round-faced German brought out another book on the same subject, the result of forty years' study, of greater resources, and of a finer intelligence. The junior partner in the firm which published the little old gentleman's book committed suicide, and the book (which was to have been the standard work on the subject for the next ten years) fell flat and unnoticed, and . . . . the old gentleman immediately commenced another.

XUM

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 173 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728, and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company.

IT IS not easy to conquer people fighting for liberty. The Boers are fighting for independence. The Filipinos are fighting for independence. In each case the war has been officially ended several times. In reality it still goes on. More troops are needed. Calls are made for them. The conquered territory is comparatively small. The natives are keeping up their work, and the greatest nations on earth—the two greatest nations—are not able to bring matters to a conclusion. These are the plain facts in the face of which opinion must be individual.

THOSE who have been paying large coal bills all through the present winter and who have to bear the cost of every miners' strike, whichever side wins or loses, will be interested in knowing that the first great revolution predicted for the present century is that of the direct production of electricity from coal. In that event both heat and light will be vastly cheapened. Thus people will be enabled to live better and to wear finer clothes. Instead of shoveling all their income into the furnace and the range, or having it race through the gas meter, they can spend more of it upon themselves.

The civilization that makes the individual happier is the kind that is wanted, and certainly nothing can help happiness more than better food and finer clothing.

THERE are movements hither and thither about the college degree that make its final fate extremely interesting. Most of the universities have been working for longer terms. Most of the professional schools have been extending the limits so that no young man could get through the course too soon. The chief tendency has been for four years, and within the past few months several institutions have increased certain two-year courses to four years. In the face of all this Yale has changed the curriculum so that it will now be possible for a well-prepared student to complete his course in three years. It gives a bright young man more chances, and surely anything that will save a year in the life of a bright young man is adding to the usefulness and progress of the world. Of course, as in every other thing nowadays, it must depend upon the young man.

MR. RUSSELL SAGE in an article published in this magazine some weeks ago declared that the theatre is not necessary for the recreations of a young man. He preferred books as being not only cheaper but better.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie disagrees with this view. "I attach great importance to the theatre as a means of amusement," he said, in an address to a Sunday-school class—and a Baptist Sunday-school at that! "There are, of course, in these days many bad plays; but there are also many good ones. I shall never forget the night when for the first time I heard the strange, mysterious rhythm of the language of Shakespeare." He was then a messenger boy, and he got in because he was delivering a message to the manager.

Mr. Sage was a poor country boy who fought his way up. Mr. Carnegie has also made a few dollars. Both are church men and church members. Both have rigid ideas as to right and wrong, and if both do not agree about the theatre they simply represent other men who disagree on subjects that intimately concern the daily life and character of the people, both young and old.

The poor man in the United States Senate is becoming not only lonesome but extremely unfashionable.

The Man in the Conning-Tower

BEHIND the guns on a battleship are the men; behind the men are the officers; and behind and over all is The Man in the Conning-Tower, who, by the pressure of a finger, moves ten thousand tons of steel, or with a single word directs a broadside against the enemy. A man or an officer may fail in a detail of his duty, but through the smoke of battle the Captain must be clear-eyed, by the impact of shot and shell on his cage he must be unshaken; for victory depends on his mastery of himself and his ship. A heavy trust for one man, but all experience teaches that division is weakness, that in battle or in business there must be a head, a man in the conning-tower, clear-eyed, cool-headed, resourceful, determined, and, above all, with mind and energy concentrated on the matter in hand. When he fights his ship through to victory he becomes, like Dewey, an admiral, or like the late Philip D. Armour, "a captain of industry."

Every boy envies The Man in the Conning-Tower when he sees him off duty, driving through cheering crowds to a hundred-dollar-a-plate banquet, or when he hears that he has unlimited credit at the tailor's. And every boy that is worth his salt straightway resolves to travel the road that leads to banquets and unlimited credit, without understanding that Dewey spent half his life trying to obey that he might be fit to command; and that the first dollars of a million are often made by seeing that the old man's desk is carefully dusted in the morning and his errands run with neatness and dispatch.

The roots of a great fortune are few, but they reach down and through into the character of the man who makes it. The complexities of a great business enterprise have their source in methods that are amazingly easy to comprehend, infinitely hard to follow. The theory of fortune-building is so simple that we should all be millionaires; its practice so difficult that most of us are poor. Armour's whole philosophy could have been summed up in two words, moderation and concentration—moderation out of the office, concentration in it. Plenty of sleep, plain fare, a little exercise, simple amusements—that was his habit at home. To be first at work and last to stop, to have intimate acquaintance with his men and affairs—that was his habit in business. To make with his right hand and to give away with his left—that was his pleasure. Because he had great qualities of heart and mind, united to this mastery of self, he became one of the industrial leaders of the country. But the same qualities of moderation and concentration, expressed in men of vastly less force, have still been transmuted into millions.

It is hard for the average boy to figure out just what connection being on time and staying over time, doing what he is told and doing it quickly, have with the making of millions. That is why there is so much room at the top, and, incidentally, at the bottom; why indifferent office boys and halfway clerks are so plentiful and really good ones so scarce. Cleverness can't do without carefulness, or brightness without balance. A man can't give orders until he has learned to obey, or be master of others until he has mastered himself.

One of those men who are good enough to keep, but not good enough to promote, once remonstrated with Mr. Armour because another clerk had been passed up over his head.

"I like you, Will," the packer replied frankly; "you are smart, and you should have the making of a big, strong, broad-gauged merchant in you; but we don't know just where to find you all the time. You may be at your desk on the dot and you may be ten minutes late. We never know. And we are not sure when we tell you to do a thing that it is done. You generally do it, but you are not sure pop."

That is the conclusion of the whole matter. It is the first thousand in a million that comes hard, and that thousand is made up of single dollars. It is the careful observance of hours and the performance of simple duties promptly and accurately that fit a young man for a captainship in the business. And it is by little signs that an employer knows the man who is fit for a larger trust.

The Man in the Conning-Tower must be "sure pop."

In most cases the cynic is unmarried.

The Ax as an Argument

A MUSCULAR and voluble lady in Kansas has been figuring in the papers because she instituted a prohibition crusade with a hatchet, and mixed piety and pounding with picturesque results. Kansas exports more things than grain, and her supply of novelties in reforms and in politics seems to be as boundless as her fertile prairies.

Of course an example has to be followed, and so the smashing business has found new channels—as business of any kind will do in this facile and inventive age. Certain ladies in another city visited drug stores and demanded of the pharmacists if they really believed in the force, efficacy and usefulness of the prescriptions which they filled. They said they did. And then the ladies, whose main trust was in faith as a medicinal and surgical agent, began to smash the soap boxes, the perfumery bottles, the nerve tonics, the soda fountains and the other accessories of modern civilization.

Just how far this smashing crusade will go must in the end depend upon the police; but whether checked or not it has possibilities. The orator has been declaiming in Congress, on the hustings and in the newspapers for several years about smashing the trusts. He has occupied much of our time, has exhausted some of our patience, and still the trusts are bigger than ever. Instead of eloquence, perhaps the orator may get a hatchet and corner the monster in his lair. The lawyer who spends much valuable time in words, for which his clients have to pay overmuch, may yet approach the judge, not with a roll of typewritten eloquence, but with a hatchet—or even with an ax.

And thus it may go on through all the professions and employments, and in the end even the sexton may have his designs against the tomb, and against the deceased whose character did not measure up to the epitaph, or whose relatives have not paid to the full extent of the expenses.

In this smashing business the trouble is that we get back to the times when law did not rule and when force had its way. There are thousands of useless and unjust statutes in state and nation. Every day there are decisions from the bench and verdicts from the jury which are not in accordance with the evidence or with the fact. All around us are evils. In each adjustment there are infractions of the law and things are not as they should be.

The law is the safety of the nation. Not only that; it is the supreme safety of the individual; and the smashing reforms not only smash the reforms themselves in many cases, but smash the laws. The best test of this age and generation is that a man who does his duty, who obeys the regulations of social and business life, and who is decent in his conduct and honest in his relation to his fellow-man, seldom, if ever, gets into a police court. So long as that condition exists there should be no very great quarrel with the quality of justice which prevails in this country to-day.

At the same time there are sins of omission as well as of commission, and those in office who do not enforce the laws, who subordinate the edicts of the state to their own placid sentiments, are violators in even a greater degree than the lady with her hatchet or those who apply force in order to call attention to wrong conditions.

"Judge not that ye be not judged" is a piece of warning and wisdom that has come down from the ages, and the Kansas interpretation of it should be: "Smash not that ye be not smashed!"

After all, about the saddest thing in this life is to see a strong-minded woman hauling around a weak-minded man as a show of domestic happiness.

Give the British Soldier a Chance

THE British General Buller is trying to overthrow a tradition on which we have prided and plumed ourselves for generations, but if he doesn't have more success in overthrowing our tradition than he had in overthrowing the Boers he isn't likely to gain fame as an iconoclast.

A pet belief of all good Americans, a treasured fancy, has been that we are the only people whose soldiers think for themselves, whose rank and file are not human machines, whose enlisted men do not merely carry out the orders of their officers, without any knowledge of the interests or issues at stake, but are men who fully understand what they are fighting for. This belief, with the assurance that it has been well founded, has become so deeply ingrained that even the boldest American could never have dreamt of denying it. Over and over again we have thanked Providence that we are not as other nations are.

Our politicians for generations have spoken of this characteristic of our soldiers as a proud peculiarity of our country; our generals have echoed and reechoed the belief; it was a favorite axiom of General Grant; not a speaker at a patriotic gathering but has repeated the proud boast that our private soldiers are peculiarly set apart as thinking men from the private soldiers of all other countries.

But now comes General Buller and declares that the British soldier is a thinking entity. All the pæans that we have been voicing in praise of our private soldiers he sings in praise of the British private soldier. The British soldier, according to him, has mind and thought and judgment; the British private soldier, if allowed to act untrammeled by incompetent officers, would often work out victories where, when hampered, defeats result.

The General criticises British officers with breezy freedom and force. He says that the lack of initiative on the part of officers, their failure to do the thing that the moment imperatively demanded, has been responsible for many a disaster.

But the private soldiers! A splendid thinking force. The man behind the English gun is brain behind the gun. In the rank and file, such is General Buller's belief, a large proportion of the brain of the army is lodged. His summary as to what is necessary to insure British victories is expressed by him in almost the words in which ex-President Cleveland expressed his view of what is necessary to give his political party victory—namely, Give the rank and file a chance.

But should General Buller's contention as to the high merit of the British soldier be allowed, what becomes of our own proud sense of superiority?

In the modern street car there isn't room for bundles, much less for etiquette.

XUM

MEN & WOMEN of the HOUR

PHOTO. BY F. GUTEKUNST, PHILADELPHIA

Hon. William J. Sewell

No Return Checks Given

For the third time General William J. Sewell has been elected to the United States Senate from New Jersey. Senator Sewell is a serious man with a positive manner, and a certain keen wit that he possesses may be due to the fact that he is of Irish birth.

Mr. Sewell, who was born in 1835 and came to this country at an early age, was engaged in business at the outbreak of the Civil War. He enlisted in the Northern Army, was given a captain's commission, and at the close of the war was a major-general.

In 1872 he actively entered politics and, after being for several terms a State Senator, he was elected to the United States Senate. He was chairman of the New Jersey delegation at seven consecutive National Conventions, including that of 1900.

He was for some time actively interested in railroad affairs, and once, when he was holding an important office in one of the large trunk lines, a political enemy came to him in a somewhat shamefaced way and said:

"General, I should like to have transportation for myself and family to Chicago."

The two political enemies eyed each other for a moment, and then General Sewell called his private secretary and told him to make out the passes to Chicago. The politician accepted them, expressed his thanks, and departed. But in a few minutes he returned, exclaiming:

"Why, General, these do not say to Chicago and return!"

"Of course not!" exclaimed the General. "I want to get you out of the State, and I'm not interested in your getting back!"

The Mayor Who Couldn't Spell "Iff"

Ex-Congressman Tim Campbell, of New York, is figuring prominently in the newspapers again, having resumed intense political activity. Mr. Campbell is one of the picturesque characters of the crowded East Side of the metropolis, and one of its great statesmen.

During the several terms that Tim served in Congress he was always prominent before the House. One of his colleagues from Manhattan was Colonel "Jack" Adams. Mr. Adams is a lawyer, but while he and Mr. Campbell were in Congress together he spent most of his time working off practical jokes at the expense of the East Side statesman. Tim had been in and out of Tammany Hall several times, those changes depending on whether his claims were recognized or repudiated.

A very hot political canvass found Tim one of the staunchest adherents of the Hall. Colonel "Jack" had had a falling out with the powers and was just as strong on the other side. Tim took this very much to heart, as his admiration for his fellow-Congressman was very strong. He concluded that where all others had failed to bring Colonel "Jack" back into the fold, he, Tim, could succeed. In the coaxing tone cultivated during years of political activity on the East Side, Tim went at his work.

"Now, Jack," he said insinuatingly, "what do you want to go and fight the Mayor for? Sure, he's a fine young fellow, bright and enterprising, and one of the best-educated men in America."

"Educated!" exclaimed Colonel "Jack" contemptuously. "Educated, did you say?"

"Sure; he's one of the very best educated young fellows in this city."

"Educated!" reiterated Adams, putting an extra dose of contempt into his voice. "What would you say, Tim, if I told you that he was so little educated that he spells 'if' with only one 'f'?"

"Does he do that?" responded Tim in a heart-broken tone.

"He does."

"Well, then, I have nothing further to say. I don't blame you."

A Professor in Wolf's Clothing

Professor Frederick Starr, of the University of Chicago, recently undertook an extensive tour among those tribes of Mexico that still remain comparatively unknown. The professor is a high authority on anthropology and ethnography, and for some years has been closely studying the native tribes of this continent. His investigations have taken him to many reservations, and hosts of Indians are his friends.

Whenever he revisits the Iroquois people he will receive a cordial welcome. Not long ago he was made a member of that federation—a Seneca, and therefore a brother of all the Iroquois redskins—and has as much right to sit in a council of the Senecas as any Indian whose ancestry antedates the landing of Columbus. That he is capable of occupying this place with honor the Indians did not doubt, for, when they adopted him formally, he was not named Pale Moon, Lively Beetle, or any such name, but Haysetha, the wisest speaker in the council.

When the anthropologist first met his future brethren they did not take to him very kindly. Their suspicious natures do not allow them to make friends easily with the white men, or permit one to make a careful study of tribal customs.

One of the large reservations of the Iroquois is near Chautauqua, where the professor was delivering a series of lectures on the American Indian. He happened to mention once that the Iroquois near by were different from other Indian peoples thrown in contact with civilization, in that they still used rites and ceremonies which were in vogue centuries ago. The pupils wished to witness these and an expedition was organized.

The rig broke down midway. The distance back to town or to the reservation was a little over twelve miles. No one was in the humor for such a long walk, and it devolved upon the professor to scurry about to find a wagon large enough to hold twenty-five people.

Near by was an old Iroquois who had a hay wagon which would fill the bill, but the Indian refused point blank to aid them. Neither pleadings nor money could swerve him from his purpose not to let the white men have his wagon. The case seemed hopeless, and Professor Starr had about made up his mind to take the long trudge back without paying the visit when a happy thought struck him.

He remembered that many of the Iroquois belong to the Wolf family—that is, have the wolf as their "totem"—and are always loyal to each other. Consequently he determined to pass himself off as a "Wolf," since there are many white men with Indian blood in their veins who are members of the family.

"Now, you must not refuse me," said the professor. "I'm no ordinary white man. I'm a 'Wolf.'" The effect was magical. The Indian hitched up his horses and did not even want to take pay for his trouble.

When the reservation was reached Professor Starr saw an old man making a rattle. He wanted it.

"How much?" he inquired.

"One dollar, white man," was the reply.

Professor Starr, however, had no intention of paying this exorbitant price. He determined to play the "Wolf" again.

"I'm no ordinary white man," he said. "I'm a 'Wolf,' a brother. You won't charge me more than fifty cents." The redskin took the half-dollar.

Farther on the professor found a corn mask used in a sacred dance. He wanted this to take back to Chicago with him.

"One dollar, white man," said the squaw who owned it. The "Wolf" had served him twice and the professor resolved to try it thrice.

"I'm no common white man," he declared. "I'm a 'Wolf.' You shouldn't charge me more than fifty cents."

"No difference, white man," she replied. "I'm 'Bear' (another family who are rivals of the "Wolves"). Pay one dollar."

And the professor paid the price.

Mr. Harmsworth's Proof Practical

Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, the young wonder-worker of English journalism, had an experience the other day which in a measure changed one of his ideas at least regarding the shortcomings of American newspapers. His pet conviction, and one that he has advanced on many occasions, was—and the past tense is used advisedly—that the cuts in the American daily newspapers were worthless from an illustrative standpoint, and outrageous from the standpoint of art.

Mr. Harmsworth said so much on this point, and said it so sharply, that he called into the field a number of active champions of the American newspaper cut. Among others was Mr. Frank A. Burrelle, who, from the nature of his business, believes that he is in a position to know more about the merits and demerits of the American newspaper than most people. He determined to administer both a reproof and a lesson to the militant journalist from across the sea.

Mr. Burrelle carefully cut out one of the portraits of Mr. Harmsworth printed in a New York daily, and pasted it on an envelope, being very careful to cut off the name at the bottom. Then he addressed this envelope simply, "Holland House," and inclosed a letter, in which he told the English editor that the American newspaper had been maligned, and that in order to convince Mr. Harmsworth of this fact he sent the letter unaddressed, feeling certain that the likeness which he had pasted on the envelope was so perfect that the clerks at the Holland House would know in an instant for whom the letter was intended. If it reached him, he asked that Mr. Harmsworth change his opinion, and do justice to the excellence of the average American newspaper pictorial reproduction.

The letter was dropped in the mail box at the nearest street corner, and in due course of time reached the Holland House and was promptly delivered. Mr. Harmsworth is a most generous foreigner and quick to acknowledge when he is in the wrong. He wrote by return mail to Mr. Burrelle, saying that the letter had reached him without any delay, and declaring that "the American newspaper cut is vindicated."

The peculiarly addressed envelope has been carefully preserved by the young Englishman, who treasures it as one of the most interesting mementoes of his American visit.

PHOTO. BY SNIDER, TOPEKA, KANSAS

Hon. Joseph R. Burton

From Farm Boy to Senator

The new Senator-elect from Kansas, Mr. Joseph Ralph Burton, is a striking example of the value of persistence. That a Hoosier farm boy, without wealth in any period of his life, could rise to the position of United States Senator is sufficient evidence that there are chances for the young man of to-day.

Mr. Burton worked his way through school, principally by teaching elocution in the neighboring towns. He tramped out to the district schools on Saturdays and earned enough to keep him at his law studies. He went to Central Kansas in 1878 with his young bride, having no capital but hope and strength and courage.

He opened a law office, and his practice increased steadily but slowly, and he had plenty of time to assist in the political campaigns. He was elected to the State Legislature, and one day made a speech that was heard by a prominent political leader from the East. The next fall he received an invitation to make speeches in Maine. Since then he has been in demand at public meetings and dinners, and since the days of Ingalls' prime has been looked upon by many as the best orator in Kansas. His admirers anticipate oratorical triumphs for him in the Senate.

His party asked him to run for Congress, but he replied: "No, I think I will be Senator." The State laughed at his presumption, for he was a poor man and only a lawyer in a country town.

In 1892, when the Alliance was powerful in Kansas, the leaders challenged the Republicans to a debate with the then Senator Peffer, the strongest of the Alliance speakers. Mr. Burton volunteered to meet him, and the joint debate was set for Galena, in the central part of the State. The great hall was divided, and the Alliance men sat on one side and the Republicans on the other. Senator Peffer spoke first and took his stand before his own party members, addressing all his remarks to them. When Mr. Burton's time came he also went to the Alliance side and began a vigorous reply to Senator Peffer's speech. The Alliance men grew angry and hissed the speaker, varying their signs of disapproval with howls and shouts. Mr. Burton sat on the table, coolly waiting for the noise to subside, and asked the timekeeper to take the time out of his allowance. When it became quiet he resumed. Over half an hour was taken up by the hooting and hissing, but Mr. Burton waited through it all and kept his temper.

In 1895 he surprised the State by having within one of enough votes to elect him to the Senate. "I will win next time," he said; and began his work once more. In the last campaign he made speeches in every one of the one hundred and five counties in his State, and so strong was his organization, that ten days before the election his leading opponent withdrew, and Mr. Burton was chosen by acclamation. His wife, who has accompanied him on every speech-making tour for ten years, and who has been a constant help to him in his career, stood by him when he received the announcement of victory, and the legislators cheered for her as heartily as for the new Senator.

XUM

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"

The Queens of the World

There never was a time when woman took so large a part in political affairs as she does to-day.

At the Inaugural Ball, when thousands will jam the big convention building in Washington, every one will be interested in seeing Mrs. McKinley, and every one is hoping that her delicate health will not keep her from being present.

In the changes that have taken place in Great Britain, etiquette requires that all presentations at Court shall be repeated. This means work—hard work—for Queen Alexandra. It is a part of the Queen's duties. So long as she lives she can anticipate few occasions on which there will not be demands for every hour of her time.

In India, where Lord and Lady Curzon established a brilliant Court, the great interest—in spite of Lord Curzon's able administration—has been in the fair American whose beauty inspired the poets, Hindu as well as Christian.

The Romance of Three Lives

Go back a moment. It is not so many years ago—it was in 1871—that Miss Ida Saxton, the daughter of a country editor (a rich country editor, too), gave her hand and heart to the school-teacher, lawyer and volunteer soldier, William McKinley. With even the greatest stretch of imagination it is hardly possible that she saw through the loopholes of her quiet retreat in that small Ohio town a vista that stretched to the White House. And then it all came to pass as naturally as anything could, and to-day the country editor's daughter is the first lady in the land, the first of the greatest nation on the globe.

Nor was it many more years ago that a poor princess of one of the poorest of European kingdoms was making her own clothes, while her father was supporting the family by teaching drawing. And after the unexpected happened and she went to the English Court as the bride of the Heir-Apparent she was chided by her good but rigid mother-in-law for her disposition to wait upon herself and save her clothes. And to-day she is Queen on the greatest throne in the world.

Still fewer have been the years since the beautiful girl of Chicago became one of the belles of the world and later the bride of Lord Curzon, of Kedleston, one of the ablest young men in the political life of Great Britain. She is the daughter of a country boy, one who clerked in a little store for a few dollars a week until he was over twenty years of age. Of this beautiful woman all accounts agree in stating that she carries herself as one to the manner born.

These are not isolated instances, although the heights to which these women have reached are above other eminences. In courts and executive mansions, in places of power and responsibility the world over, are found women who have shared the fortunes of their husbands and who have helped to make the husbands what they are.

In many of the important positions in the world at present the American woman is exerting a powerful influence. The wife of Count Von Waldersee is an American, and the wives of several of the leading statesmen of the Continental nations were born on this side of the ocean. And some of the ladies who will be close to the new Queen are Americans.

Woman's Ambition for High Position

Woman's desire for high official position is right. She has as much ambition as her husband, and generally more. She enjoys the high places and the honor that goes with them. She wants the honor for the children and family name.

Many men who have been successful in politics and in diplomacy would never have entered public life had it not been for their wives. The wife of President Andrew Johnson, who taught him his letters, is an extreme case. But there are thousands of men, especially in America, who owe not only their better education but their practical political knowledge to the wives and daughters who coached them.

Not very long ago there was a case in which the wife and daughter kept the husband at home while they went to the legislature and got him elected United States Senator. He was strong but lacked tact. They had the tact and won.

Every year Washington is becoming, socially, more desirable, and that means a more incessant stimulus in homes throughout the country for the head of the family, or for the bright sons, to aim to enter Congress or to secure some of the higher places in the Government.

Women have educated more than one United States Senator, have appointed more than one Cabinet officer.

In this country and abroad the underlying influence of diplomatic success is the wife.

Some nations realize this to such an extent as officially to disapprove of their diplomatic representatives marrying in the countries to which they are accredited.

Woman as a Social Arbiter

Every day the social function plays a larger part in public life. This is explained, of course, by the fact that more people become socially educated every year. The increase of colleges, the extension of culture, the growth in all the higher things, constantly lift humanity in character and manners. And thus the numbers who attend White House receptions or who want to be presented at Court press more heavily every season, and the official dinners, with their increasing lists of public men, become not only a financial tax but a strain upon executives and their wives.

Yet it all has to be done with finished tact and with the utmost skill. There is nothing that tells so strongly or lasts so long as a slight, even though it be through error. And in this complicated machinery of society the women are the final arbiters. Not only that, but they have to smooth many rough places, correct mistakes their husbands or those associated with them have made, and restore the feeling of satisfaction and good will.

Perhaps one reason why so many American women have become the wives of foreign political leaders is that they understand social leadership so well.

Influence of Patriotic Societies

It is astonishing how powerfully, though indirectly, the patriotic societies of the country have affected the disposition of almost all classes toward politics. If a family has a Colonial or Revolutionary ancestor who did something worthy of mention, it shows its pride in the possession. Logic acts inevitably. Thus, if it was well in past generations for a family to be represented in public life, it should be still better now, when the nation is so much greater and when its prestige is so universally acknowledged. Therefore, not only the old families, but those who are not old in historical association, feel the impulse toward political position. Its social value was never so high as it is now, and the women have made it so.

The Extension of the Suffrage

In numerous civilized nations to-day women can vote.

In West Australia the full franchise was granted to all the women, both married and single. In the Province of Victoria the bill passed the lower House but was defeated in the upper branch.

In about a dozen States in this country woman suffrage was defeated at the regular elections or in the legislatures; but in the majority of cases there was an increase in its favor.

At present, in this country, women have the full suffrage and vote for all officers, including Presidential Electors, in Colorado, Idaho, Utah and Wyoming. In Utah and Wyoming woman suffrage is a constitutional provision.

In twenty-three of the States women vote for school officers.

In some States women can hold office but cannot vote.

In some, woman suffrage has received a majority of votes in the legislatures but not a constitutional majority.

Women In and Near Politics

There are four classes of women in and near politics. Those of one class ask for no reforms that give extra political privileges to their sex. They seem satisfied with the social influence they exert in their places next to their husbands, fathers or friends.

Another class—it is small usually—is openly against female movements and organizations. For example, there is a regular Anti-Suffrage Association in this country.

A third class, which comprises a large majority of the sex, makes its power known when some great question of temperance or morals is before a legislature. For instance, in the case of Mr. Roberts, the Mormon Representative, the rules and precedents of a century were thrown aside because the moral influence of the women of the country demanded that the polygamist be kept out of even temporary membership. Again, in the recent case of the army canteen the women of the country compelled Congress, which was candidly in favor of the arrangement, to vote overwhelmingly against it.

In fact, when the feminine influences concentrate at the National Capitol, Congressmen rush into line like scared boys.

A fourth class is composed of the avowed reformers and organizers—and they are increasing every day.

In national legislation women have always figured largely; not in the proceedings, of course, or in the reports, but in those ways which make the undercurrents of politics. The woman lobbyist of the professional sort is largely a myth; but the woman statesman of the social kind is no myth. To underestimate her powers would be as foolish as to try to discount the influence of the wife.

The New Rights of Women

In a large way, woman never enjoyed such rights and privileges as she does to-day. For years the avenues of employment were closed to her.

In 1840, when Harriet Martineau was in the United States, she found seven occupations open to women—needlework, the keeping of boarders, teaching, working in cotton factories, typesetting, bookbinding and household service.

To-day, the number of employments open to women exceeds 300, and is estimated by some as being more than 400.

In fact, the flocking of women into the professions and the avocations, with the competition which it has engendered, has become one of the problems of the times.

In higher things woman has profited nobly. Her legal status in almost every part of the civilized world has been made practically as independent as that of man. She has been a large factor in the improvement of the people, in the spread of knowledge about sanitation, and in the plain duties and responsibilities which add so much to the sanity and vigor of human life.

In education she occupies a place to-day practically on a level with that of the other sex. A few places are still closed to her, but all the doors are gradually opening, and often, when there has been reluctance, she has gone ahead and founded her own institutions and made her own way.

Independence is everything. When a man finds woman independent he begins to yield and to vote for what she wants. And really she has been very modest in her demands.

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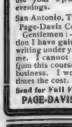

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Literary Folk—Their Ways *and* Their Work

The Last Refuge

Theodor Egmont, Freiherr von Kaltenau, having rounded the headland of thirty-nine, sees before him the gray waste of the forties—the middle years. Disenchanted, yet not despairing, he lacks the heart to venture farther without the accompaniment of youth. Failing often in his quest, at last he comes upon a young man of approved pattern, Bruno de Brunelli, from Illyrian Zara, and prospective heir to a dukedom in Sicily. By a subtle absorption of this youth's enthusiasms and spontaneities, Von Kaltenau hopes to revivify his own emotions, now quiescent, if not failing. But the first shock comes when it appears that Bruno is in hot and discouraging pursuit of Donna Violante Astrofiammanti, haughty, exacting, but loving withal, though held tightly in by tyrannical parents. The chase leads to Sicily, where, after many adventures, and more misadventures, the happy pair, kept apart for a time by those ancient enemies of true love, jealousy and foolish pride, find themselves in a coach-and-four hastening to the happy city—The Last Refuge.

But Zenaniile, and throughout all this dazzling and elliptically told tale, there gather on the journey numerous other folk, who, already disillusioned, and also in dread of the sombre "middle years," are hastening to La Felice, the fabled Sicilian city, where they dare yet to hope that they shall find what has thus far in life escaped them. All frankly admit that The Last Refuge is their goal. The solemn professor from the North, the Lady of Quality, unmistakably from our own far West, the heavy tragedienne, the painter and the poet, lay figures some of them, but all distinct in their varied restlessness, are hurrying Southward for the final test. Von Kaltenau assumes a natural generalship over this motley and tristful company. All finally centre on the outskirts of The Last Refuge into which Bruno and his Violante alone dare enter.

The work *(The Last Refuge; by Henry B. Fuller: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)* is a strange and whimsical conception, now suggestive of Hawthorne in its use of semblances and showy impersonations rather than of personalities, and faintly reminiscent, too, of Goethe in the fantastic grouping of characters and events on the path of travel. The Lady of Quality might have slipped into or out of Wilhelm Meister without detection, though she is all modernity. Perhaps one errs in fancying these influences, but how could they be suggested if they were not perceptibly, however elusively, present? Some would detect a fellowship with Mr. Henry James in Mr. Fuller's work, but in this book earlier masters have surely made themselves felt. It is the handicraft of a cosmopolitan, and with the inevitable tenuousness of true cosmopolitanism. Humorously, never facetiously dainty, it bears its light burden of uncomplaining pathos—a sort of exquisite *opera comique*—in prose. I do not pretend to say what Mr. Fuller's meaning is, though it would be possible to hazard a dozen throws on the answer. The Last Refuge, like The Gateless Barrier, furnishes large material for a guessing-bee.

—*Lindsay Swift.*

Love on a Yellow Bus

Writers of novels are all potential writers for the stage, and Mr. Pett Ridge is the latest to succumb to the temptations of the footlights. London is Mr. Ridge's hobby, and he spends every spare moment in watching the London of the lower middle classes. It was inevitable that he should write a play, and he has written it. The name of it is The Yellow Bus. Londoners will recognize the "yellow bus" as the vehicle which carries the lower middle class from Camden Town to the heart of the West End. And the title covers the plot, which deals with the invasion of the upper circles—by marriage—by a young woman from Camden Town.

Mr. Ridge's range is not wide, but within it he writes with knowledge as absolute as the human brain can compass. By the time you read this the play will have been "copyrighted." Mr. W. W. Jacobs will have appeared "for the first time on any stage," for the purpose of playing a hero.

One wishes, however, that successful novelists would not take to the stage. Mr. Barrie gives no hope of any more sketches of the Lady Nicotine type, making an excellent income out of plays.

Ouida's Guardsman Dinners

The recollections of a publisher should be so interesting that one wonders why more of the gentlemen who have followed this trade do not write their autobiographies. Mr. William Tinsley's book contains many interesting stories of the days when he was a London publisher. He was connected with the publication of Mr. Thomas Hardy's earlier books. They were not popular successes at first, and Mr. Hardy, who was in a position to earn a good living as an architect, used to say in moments of discouragement that he should give up literature unless it paid him well. Fortunately it has.

Mr. Tinsley is much impressed by the knowledge of men and their ways which Ouida displayed in her early novels—those of the "guardsman period." Not all critics will agree with him here, but all will be interested in his story of one way in which Mademoiselle de la Ramée obtained her knowledge. She and her mother used to have dinner-parties where they were the only women present. Then, when coffee and cigarettes came, Ouida would beg her guests to forget that she and her mother were there, and to go on with their talk exactly as they would at a men's dinner, neither saying anything because ladies were present nor leaving anything unsaid for that reason. The task is a difficult one, and if the conversation of the guardsmen in Ouida's novels is not very natural, it is perhaps because the guests at her dinner could not carry out her instructions.

Autobiographical Novel Writing

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, who is now lecturing here, employed part of his time on his voyage to New York correcting the proofs of a novel which will be published early next spring. It bears the title, The Life Romantic, and marks another period in the career of the young gentleman who went on the Quest of the Golden Girl.

This new novel opens with the same chord with which the earlier book ended, but the theme is immediately developed on very different lines. Those who admire the undeniable art in Mr. Le Gallienne's work, but have deplored the mannerisms, amounting almost to affectation, by which his earlier productions were marred, will find a good deal to please them in The Life Romantic. It is more sane and wholesome than The Quest of the Golden Girl, but has no less poetical fancy and delicacy of touch. For the curious who like to detect autobiography in fiction Mr. Le Gallienne provides plenty of sport, but the graver folk who watch careers with interest will also find cause for satisfaction in this latest piece of open confession on his part.

The New Books of the Week

Eastover Court House: Henry Boone and Kenneth Brown ..... Harper & Brothers
The Romance of L'Aiglon: Translated from the French by J. Paul Wilson ..... Brentano's
Mrs. Clyde: Julien Gordon ..... D. Appleton & Co.
A Hero in Homespun: William E. Barton ..... D. Appleton & Co.
Norton's Complete Handbook of Havana and Cuba: Albert J. Norton ..... Rand, McNally & Co.
Short Story Masterpieces: (different authors) ..... Jamieson-Higgins Company
The Joys of Sport: W. Y. Stevenson ..... Henry Altemus Company
Yawps and Other Things: William J. Lampton ..... Henry Altemus Company
Constructive Studies in the Life of Christ: E. D. Burton and S. Mathews ..... The University of Chicago Press
Old Ace and Other Poems: Fred Emerson Brooks ..... Forbes & Co.
The Last Years of the Nineteenth Century: Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer ..... A. C. McClurg & Co.
Gwynett of Thornhaugh: Frederick W. Hayes ..... The F. M. Lupton Publishing Company
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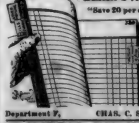

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How to Keep Bachelors' Hall

By Herbert Copeland

The living-room

PART II

THE most difficult and the least agreeable part of the whole business of keeping house is the money part of it, and the less money there is, the more difficult it is to manage it, though this sounds like a paradox. The fairest and easiest way to settle this problem is for all the men to turn in to the head of the house each week, or each month, the amount of money that they have found, after a month or two, is necessary for running the house. All bills should be paid the first of the month or the family will find itself embarrassed some day and there will be trouble. Of course, if strict economy is necessary, a strictly cash running of things is far better. But this is much more work for all concerned and, ordinarily speaking, seems hardly necessary.

As to the actual cost of keeping bachelors' hall, it is naturally almost impossible to say definitely, for the prices of houses, food and all the various items of expense vary so much in different locations. And, too, the tastes and ideas as to what constitutes good living are so different. But from some experience and from many inquiries I have been able to make out a very rough estimate for two grades of establishments. The less expensive is for good, comfortable living in every way — far better than one could get in a ten or twelve dollar a week boarding-house both as to food and service; while, of course, the comfort and accommodation to be had are infinitely better than in any boarding-house or hotel, save the most expensive.

What it Costs to Keep Bachelors' Hall

Rent for house at $600 a year comes to $2.88 a week for each one in a family of four. One servant at $25 a month makes an expense for each man for a week of $1.45. Food at $60 a month is for each man $3.47 a week. Heat and light at $16 a month means to each man ninety-three cents a week. These items added make roughly the main expense a week for each man $8.73. Add to this $2.27 for incidentals, and the cost each week for each man is $11. This is certainly cheap for what one gets, and compares favorably with boarding-house prices *per se*. A home in the suburbs or a "flat" can, of course, be run for less.

A more lavish style of living, with a larger house, and two servants, reckoned in the same way, is as follows: $800 for rent, $3.85 a week. For two servants, $50 a month, $2.90 a week. Food, $80, is $4.63 a week. Heat and light, $24 a month, is $1.40 a week. This makes the estimate $12.78 a week for each man. Add to this $3.22 for incidentals and it brings the cost to $16 a week for each man. For this he gets a rather luxurious style of living and all the comforts that the ordinary man needs or ought to have. Of course I am not considering at all the men who have a great deal of money.

If four men have a lot of money to spend it can be most delightfully spent in running a bachelors' hall on a fine, elaborate and costly scale.

In making both the $11 and the $16 scale I have made allowance for a good deal of entertaining; I mean informal entertaining, such as constant guests at meals, and frequent "lodgers," though in a way no more food needs to be provided on this account and the other expenses are the same. This entertaining is obviously one of the greatest pleasures and advantages of bachelors' hall, for in nine cases out of ten a guest prefers it to being entertained at a club, which happens to him all the time, and it is far cheaper for the entertainer.

The Initial Expense of Establishment

In neither case have I made account of laundry expenses or meals got out of the house, since these two items would be the same in boarding or hotel life, and each man keeps these expenses as he can afford.

It is easy to see that if six men keep house together the expenses per capita will be much decreased, and also that if three, or two, only are in the family, each man will have to pay very much more for what he gets.

Now, as to the initial expense of setting up the establishment, it is even more difficult to give any sort of even half-way definite estimate. But the following figures are possible and reasonable, and rather lean toward the side of economy. For the downstairs department — kitchen and dining-room (the furnace and range or stove will be in the house) — $100 ought to do well. For the living-room, ordinary, good, substantial, but in no way fancy, furnishings, $150. For servant's and guest rooms, $70. For necessary linen, sheets, towels, tablecloths, napkins, $30; and for incidentals, say $50. This sums up to $400. This is not counting the individual bedrooms — each one paying that expense from his private purse. In other words, if four fellows have a purse of $400, it is safe to start furnishing, though easier and better if $500 is possible. I have heard of the installment plan being worked, but it is hardly wise to start out hampered thus. This estimate does not include anything not strictly necessary as legitimate furnishing; almost actual furniture only is counted, in fact.

But there never could be found four men who had not some personal belongings — and oftentimes many can take a lot of stuff from "home," or can borrow from some friend with an overburdened house various chairs, tables and the like which are in the way in the home, which it hardly pays to sell or store, but will help the bachelors immensely.

Indeed, a lot of things can thus be collected — not always just what one would choose, but still serviceable, at least for a

Editor's Note — This is the second of two papers by Mr. Copeland, the first of which appeared in The Saturday Evening Post of February 23.

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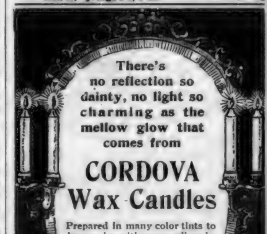
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time. And one of the joys of keeping house is the constant discovery of needed things and the delight of getting them as things grow easier. No house can be furnished properly in less than a year, and it is useless to try. No house can have the appearance of a home in a few weeks—so let not any one think to make a perfect bachelors' hall at the very beginning.

Some "Don'ts" for Bachelor Housekeepers

I have said a great deal about the practical side of the establishment, or, rather, the physical and tangible side. The other side is, of course, the more important—the side that concerns the men's relations with each other, and with their friends, and their friends' friends. But this side is one that can hardly be talked about or advised upon—it is too personal, too intimate, too individual. And yet there are a few things that experience bids me say, even if they sound trite. Perhaps a few "don'ts" will be the quickest way of getting at them.

Don't expect the head of the house to consult your taste exclusively.

Don't keep saying: "Well, if I were housekeeper," etc., etc.

Don't expect all the furnace heat in your own room.

Don't object to tobacco smoke anywhere at any time.

Don't expect hot food if you are late.

Don't countermand orders.

Don't expect to monopolize the servant's time.

Don't be rude to another man's friends, even if you don't happen to fancy them.

Don't mind being waked in the middle of the night.

Don't be called "Bohemian."

Don't, above all, don't be fussy—one fussy man will spoil the whole thing.

Don't do all these things and a lot more; and do do a lot of other things, and bachelors' hall will be a great success.

The pictures with these articles are various. Some carry out a consistent idea of furnishing, some are miscellaneous. I have not been able to see that it makes much difference how a house is furnished so long as it is comfortable and attractive. I think these pictures show that, and the rooms themselves show it even more—for about them is the atmosphere of a free and pleasant life.

Culinary Novelties

ATTEMPTS are being made to introduce in Northern markets banana flour, which is manufactured on a large scale in Colombia and Venezuela, as well as in Central America. The process of making it consists in stripping the fruits of their skins, cutting the bananas into slices, and drying the slices either in the sun or by artificial heat, after which they are ground and sifted. Thus treated, a bunch weighing fifteen pounds will yield three pounds of flour. Bananas not quite ripe are used for this purpose, because at ripening the starch in the fruit is converted to some extent into sugar.

In Venezuela the children are largely fed on banana flour, which is considered extremely digestible, and it is even recommended for convalescents and for sufferers from dyspepsia and other stomach complaints. Negroes in Central America dry the fruits and pound them in a mortar, the meal thus obtained retaining its freshness for a long time when kept dry in sacks or in closed vessels. Banana flour is said to be nearly as nutritious as wheat flour, the fresh fruit containing twenty-seven per cent. of starch. It makes first-rate griddle cakes, and a refreshing drink is brewed from it.

It is an old story that much more food can be produced from an acre of land in the shape of bananas than in any other form. As compared with potatoes, the proportion is said to be forty-four to one, and as compared with wheat one hundred and thirty-three to one.

Evaporated Soups for Hurried Meals

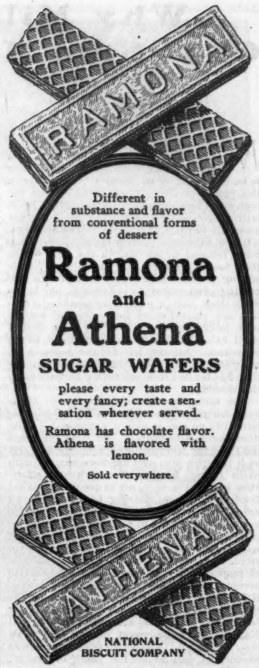
Soup vegetables are soon to be put on the market in the shape of dry powders which will possess most of the virtues, for the purposes of the pottage, of the fresh articles. Thus the housewife, in preparing this appetizing portion of her day's dinner, will take a tablespoonful of tomato powder from one can, twice the quantity of green-corn powder from another, a judicious amount of okra powder from a third, and so on. It often happens that fresh soup vegetables are not easily obtained, and in such cases these desiccated garden products are apt to be most useful, combining as they readily do with water, milk or soup-stock, and not requiring to be cooked or otherwise manipulated before being used. The invention is a new one and was patented on the first day of the twentieth century.

Tomato powder, for example, is made by taking ripe tomatoes, stewing them thoroughly, straining out the skins and seeds, adding ten per cent. of wheat flour and drying the mixture on rotating hollow cylinders heated by steam. After being scraped from the cylinders, the dried material is reduced to meal and put through a bolting process and is then put up in packages. It is added to water, milk or soup-stock in about the proportion of two and a half ounces of the powder to one quart of liquid.

For similar use, the inventor prepares celery by washing it, freeing it from green leaves and roots, cutting it into short pieces, boiling it for thirty-five minutes, and then reducing it to a pulp by grinding. Ten per cent. of flour is added, as in the case of tomatoes, and the mixture is dried, reduced to meal, and bolted in the same fashion. By exactly the same process asparagus powder is manufactured.

The flour is utilized to give additional dryness to the powders, which are said to retain much of the fresh flavor of the vegetables. One advantage claimed for them is that they make it possible to prepare soups with unprecedented celerity.

The library



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Why Millionaires Can't Stop Making Money

It is a Solemn Duty

By Russell Sage

MAN was born to work, and simply because he gets rich is no reason why he should quit working. There is nothing that is so demoralizing, either in the young or the old, as idleness, and the man who lays down his burden when he is still able to carry it does a great injury not alone to himself but to the world at large. All men who have ever amounted to anything have labored to the last in the field where they found their greatest usefulness. It is setting a very pernicious example to the coming generation to advocate, as is so often done, that a man, after reaching a certain age, should stand for the rest of his life with folded hands. It is my hope that I shall be able to work, and work hard, to the very last. All my life I have been at it, early and late, and I have found nothing that has tended so much to my happiness as this activity.

The thing that is most valuable in life is experience. A man who, having experience, puts it to no use, is almost a criminal. Wisdom comes with years. The riper the years the riper the wisdom, or so it should be; and so it is with a man who has been content with plain living, hard work and honest effort. How wrong it is, then, not to use this wisdom! It is as if a man, having broad acres and much seed, were to allow the acres to lie waste and the seed to rot. It is his duty to cultivate the land and bring forth crops which will enrich the world and add to his own store. The theory that would relieve a man of responsibility at the age of fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty, ninety, or even one hundred, if he is still capable of doing business, is the most harmful theory ever advanced. It interferes with the scheme of God and Nature. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," was written for the man of seventy as well as for the youth of twenty. An idle old man is no better than an idle young one.

It is especially incumbent on a rich man to remain at work. As our business system is constituted, it is rarely possible for a man to become very rich unless he uses the money of others as well as his own. The moment he does this he becomes the trustee for this outside money, and it is his most sacred duty to do for the owners of this money the best that is in him. The longer he acts as such trustee the more depends on him, on his knowledge, on his experience, on his conservatism, on his interest. How wrong, then, to throw off this trusteeship at the very time when his experience has made it most valuable. It is a distinct calamity when death calls away a man who, through his strong mental make-up and his capacity for work, has built up a large fortune. The possession of this fortune shows that he is an important factor in the world's progress.

Death none of us can fight off. When it comes we must lie down; but to anticipate death by voluntarily retiring from active pursuits is as wrong as it would be to hobble around on one leg when God has given us two. Of course, to the man who has been active all his life there is also a selfish gratification in continuing work. To him who is properly constituted, work is as essential as meat and drink, and the more important and extensive is the work, the more gratification there is in doing it. I can understand that the man who has dug trenches all his life would hail with joy the arrival of the time when his savings would permit him to lay by the shovel and pick. He has no sense of responsibility to urge him to continued effort. A younger man can probably manipulate the shovel and the pick more effectively than he can.

But with the man who works in a larger field, and who directs the employment of others, it is different. He is responsible for the continued activity of those who are dependent upon him for employment, and he has the stimulus of a wider interest. He must have a wrong kink somewhere in his make-up if he voluntarily relinquishes his post. It is one of the most hopeful signs of our country that our prominent men of affairs generally die at the helm. I cannot at this time recall any one who had been known as an industrial leader who was living in idle retirement when death summoned him.

There are many who look upon the continued efforts of rich men as a mere pursuit of wealth. A greater mistake has never been made. The mere possession of money is not what men strive for so hard and so continuously. Money simply measures achievement. A man's fortune is the monument of his value as a citizen, provided he employs his fortune properly. A man owes it to himself and to the world to make all the money that he can. Unless he does this he has not done his duty to the trust that was confided to him by the Creator.

Due to American Conditions

By D. O. Mills

THERE are many reasons that hold a man of affairs to the round of business until the last. Chief among these is the sense of responsibility. It is because of this that practically all our very wealthy men die in harness. They stand as the representatives of certain large properties in which thousands have invested because of their confidence in the man at the head of affairs.

This implies a trusteeship which cannot be evaded. No man can build or administer a great fortune unless his sense of responsibility is very highly developed. The irresponsible man may flourish for a time, but he cannot maintain himself for any period, so that the very fact that a man is looked upon as the controlling head of large interests writes him down as one who recognizes fully the obligations of trusteeship. Such a man knows that he cannot withdraw from active participation in the management of the properties he dominates without seriously imperiling not alone his own interests, but the interests of the stockholders and bondholders who are associated with him.

He is tied much more firmly to his enterprise than is the man of small fortune. It is a comparatively simple matter to sell out a small business and retire on the proceeds, but when it comes to selling out a great business it is a different proposition. Stocks are the most sensitive quantity on earth. They are affected by sentiment almost as much as they are by business considerations. It is the personality behind the stocks, almost as much as the value of the property that they represent, that makes their market price.

This is demonstrated every day in Wall Street. If, for example, Mr. J. J. Hill were to announce to-morrow that he was going to retire from the active control of the railroads that he manages, thousands of investors would be affected. It is so with all other properties where there is a dominating personality, and there are few properties where there is no such dominating personality. As the country grows older these conditions will disappear in a large measure. We shall find that we can do here as they do in England and on the Continent. There men retire at a comparatively early age because the conditions have been fixed for many generations, and the business of great corporations is established on a basis that permits of divided responsibility.

Of course, there is also with men of affairs in America an instinctive fascination for the pursuit of business. All who have maintained themselves as the administrators of large interests have generally taken an active part in building up the interests they control. Naturally they take a keen interest in their work. No man can succeed unless he does take an interest in his work. This engenders a spirit of pride, so that, entirely apart from the making of money, men want to see continuous and assured success for the enterprises that they have built up. They feel that such success can only be assured through their personal direction. There is a pride in business that is the mainstay of the great institutions, and it is this that, in no small degree, holds to the wheel many men who would ordinarily be very glad to retire. They look upon the business they have built up as a monument to themselves.

It is the same pride that, in the pursuit of war, leads men to risk their lives, and in the pursuit of politics to sacrifice their private interests in the ambition to get to the top. A man who controls a great enterprise, and

Editor's Note—This is the second and last of the papers on Why Millionaires Can't Stop Making Money. The first appeared in The Saturday Evening Post of February 16.

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By Irving Bacheller

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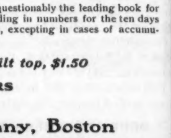

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sees it grow under his hands, feels for it a great affection. It becomes to him not simply a money-making medium, but something in the perfection of which is centred his whole heart. Out of this comes a condition where men work on and on for, apparently, only the love of work. It is this spirit that has done so much to push America to the front.

Wealth a Serious Trust

By Charles R. Flint

WEALTH is a serious trust, and when its administration is left to those who lack experience in the use of it, danger results, not alone to those immediately concerned, but to that great number as well who are simply investors. It is this consideration that in the past has tied the rich man so firmly to his business. I say in the past, because I believe that under the new industrial conditions the necessity for continuous work is growing less and less. The consolidation of great enterprises is bringing to the front a system that will enable men to retire at a comparatively early age. The great leaders who have created the new conditions are retiring from executive work, or will retire when the present scheme has been thoroughly perfected. They will simply act in an advisory capacity henceforth.

Ownership in large corporations has been decentralized.

Until we entered on the new way of doing things, the control of most great industrial enterprises was inherited by one individual or family. The man who built up the enterprise or fortune, realizing that his heirs were not qualified to do the same class of work that he had done, held on to the last. He was unable to get out even if it happened that he wanted to.

The one-man power and one-man control idea is rapidly passing away. Instead, the control is passing to the majority of stockholders. These stockholders elect as officers aspiring young men who have proved their ability and judgment as leaders and directors. When the present generation of industrial giants who blazed the way are gone, there will be no more instances in which men of sixty or seventy are forced to hold the direction of affairs, because they find no one to whom they feel justified in intrusting the management.

It was individualism—almost paternalism—that kept, and to some extent still keeps, the builders of big fortunes at the front. Now that there are many hundred times more partners in manufacturing, mining and railways than there were twenty years ago, the necessity for a central controlling figure no longer exists. A striking example of this is to be found in the case of the late C. P. Huntington. Mr. Huntington was practically the Southern Pacific Railway. He left that things would go to pieces unless he remained at the helm. Under the old conditions, his heirs would have inherited the control, and the Huntington domination would have been as complete after his death as it was before. Fortunately, however, for all concerned, the holdings were so widely diffused that the numerical majority of stockholders were in control, and they elected as a successor a brilliant, energetic young railway man who had proved his capacity.

We are adopting in our business life the same rule that prevails in our political life—the rule of the majority. The monarchical system in business is giving way to the democratic system. The time when we needed "railway kings," "coal kings," "oil kings" is gone, or is rapidly going. Until very recently the death of a man like Mr. Huntington would have been a severe shock to the business world. Values would have been unsettled and stocks depressed; not alone stocks of the properties which he dominated, but general stocks as well. His retirement would have been almost as serious as his death; consequently he was compelled to continue long after he had reached that period in life where he undoubtedly would have preferred to devote himself to pursuits of leisure.

The next generation will see, in executive positions, few, if any, men who have passed middle age. In the past it was necessary because our system was crude. The people had not learned to work together—to coöperate—to do for themselves. They had to be dependent on a strong mind to do for them. It was a species of business autocracy, made necessary by our undeveloped state, just as the autocracy of the Czar is necessary because of the undeveloped state of the great mass of the Russian people.

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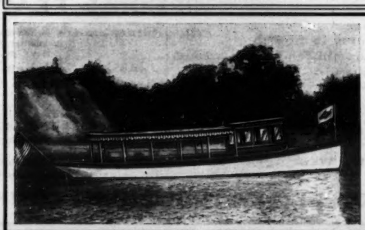

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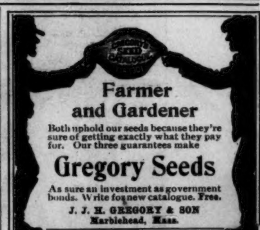

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